

THE SATIRIST,
OR,
MONTHLY METEOR.

MAY 1, 1810.

ODES TO SIR FRANCIS BURDETT.

ODE THE FIRST.

BY OWEN AP HOEL, ESQ.

B——TT, the bard in dire affright
Surveys thy bold advent'rous flight,
Shudders by Folly's chart to see thee steer,
Of faithful compass void and void of fear,
Under false colours of reform,
Where wild misrule, and doubt, and error,
Uproar, anarchy, and terror
Wing the black space and howl amid the storm.
Trembling he views thine air-born car,
All devious stray without a guiding star,
Save that some comet with portentous light,
Erratic leads thee thro' the realms of night,
Yet daring thou pursuest thy way
Tho' Heav'n's own lightnings round thee play;

And threat with vengeance dire
Thy gas inflammable to fire,
That fills thine air-blown bubble's filmy sail,
Which desperate drives as faction blows the gale.

But ponder thou thy voyage well,
'No narrow frith hast thou to cross,'
Like Satan on the brink of hell,
Mark thou the waves tumultuous as they toss,
Nor trust thy light thy gossamery bark
Tho' steer'd by T——ke to dare the passage dark.

Why didst thou dare in mad fool-hardy fit
To run thy skiff against the tomb of Pitt,
So dear to every loyal Briton,
What rock more fatal couldst thou hit on?
On virtue's base, for ever to remain,
Firm, fix'd it stands,
And mocks the vain attempt of mortal hands.

The waves of envy at its feet
In futile murm'rings idly beat ;
Like Teneriffe or Atlas in the skies,
Its glacial head with purest honors bright
In awful majesty is seen to rise,
Nor calumny nor faction dares the height.

Britain with grief and conscious pride surveys
The glorious record of her statesman's praise,
And will for ages, till her setting day
Gilds its fair summit with her latest ray.

As well the bat, which at the twilight hour
Pursues on flitting wing the insect prey,
Might sweep the heavens with the eagle's power,
And gaze undazzled on the orb of day,

Or hide its glory with its impish wing,
As thou attempt one spot to fling
On his fair fame at which I saw thee scowling.
But, saviour of his country, he,
An angel minist'ring shall be,
While thou with Despard liest howling.

Thus sung the bard, and as he sung
All Pandemonium's echoes rung,
With groans of discontent and ire;
Fierce C-bb-t rose in wrathful mood,
And, Satan-like, dilated stood;
Beside him stood the civic* Squire,
Fierce as nine tailors, with his shears
To snip the thread of Hoel's cares,
Whilst from a corner squinting Peter
Denounc'd the harmless son of metre.

But he without one trembling muscle
Unmov'd be held the infernal bustle;
He knew, to song
What powers belong
To "*ca ira*" he struck the wire,
Hell echoed to th' infernal lyre;
Whilst hand in hand,
The frantic band,
Danc'd with demoniac joy; their howl,
Like famish'd wolves, that roam the wood
At midnight, in pursuit of blood,
With horror froze the poet's soul.

Scarce had it dy'd upon my ear,
When thou becam'st once more my care,

* Squire W—th—n.

I saw thee launch thy bark again,
To dare e'en t—n's boisterous main.

ODE THE SECOND.

B—tt, thou wilt excuse the bard,
Tho' he should bear upon thee hard,
Thy error's not a slight one;
For 'tis his wish, since thou'rt pursuing
With desperate step the road to ruin,
To set thee in the right one,

Well pleas'd, th' infernals heard thy flouts
Dealt lavish forth to *Ins* and *Outs*,
In snarling "Knaves and rogues ah!"
But thou, whilst playing Brutus' part,
Hidd'st not the demon's hoof with art
Beneath thy Roman toga.

Wherefore did Wimbledon's old Guy,
That arch that hoary traitor sly,
Trust to a moon-struck elf,
The match, before the mine was prim'd?
Th' explosion had been better tim'd
If kindled by himself.

Oh, then of blood thou'dst had thy fill,
And coolly view'd from *Traitor's hill.

With joy excell'd by no man's,
Flying in air midst tempest dire,
Borne on avenging wings of fire
The —, the L—, and C—s.

* A spot near Hampstead, so named from the traitors having assembled there to see the explosion of the gunpowder-plot.

Th' infernals all perceive most clearly
Thou sh^d'st thy blunderbuss too early

And who was thy adviser,
That moon-calf W——le or O'C——r?

Both upright sterling men of honor,
Who honester or wiser?

Or was it F——ne who befouls

The lofty nest that bred him,

Alas! can Eagles bring forth Owls?

Or has some trick been play'd 'em?

Some fairy in the aerie laid

This follower of vermin,

To flush a parents cheek with red,

To see him soil his ermine.

Or brandy-muddl'd C——, he

Who led the bands of fierce O. P.

Did he thy councils grace?

Did he the sage advice impart

He!—the corruption of whose heart

Burns thro' his bloated face?

Perhaps 'twas he, whose tinctur'd mind

Betrays the tricks of art,

Where all his noxious drugs we find,

The QUASSIA* in his heart.

His wit is COCULUS INDICUS†

Dull, heavy, without frolick,

That sourness harsh, which glooms his brow,

Is ACID VITRIOLIC.‡

* A bitter wood with which porter is adulterated.

† A soporific drug infused to give its apparent strength.

‡ To give it pungency and sharpness.

His varnish, and that colouring strong,
 To give the b——r his due,
 Which makes wrong right, and right seem wrong,
 Is LIQUORICE* and FISH GLUE.

One † other colouring comes from France,
 And hence deriv'd that flutter
 When any dare Philippic bold
 Against Napoleon utter.

Or was it that same hair-brain'd lord
 Who can so bravely wield his sword,
 But ever wags his tongue ill,
 Who left a banquet of fair praise,
 Trick'd out in glory's brightest rays
 To fatten on a dunghill?

Did Tim the banker bring his ‡ halter,
 Rejected from his country's altar,
 To give his friend a lift;
 And with a wondrous self-denial,
 Tho' kick'd and execrated by all,
 Reserve for thee the gift?

Did F——y or C——t then
 Become thy dark adviser?
 Ah, no—like thee, tho' evil men,
 Yet well I ween they're wiser.

* For colouring and fining.

† Probably *French berries*.

‡ T. B——n at a meeting of the city at the time of the voluntary contribution, subscribed one shilling to buy a halter for the best and greatest statesman that England ever saw; but the impudent banker was soon obliged to retire amid the kicks and execrations of his countrymen.

Their plans are deeper laid than thine,
Duly they work in t——n's mine;
Curse thee for rashness, mid their fears
That rous'd the hive about their ears.

'Twas S—f W—, whose skull contains,
He thinks, a richer store of brains
Than inn of court or college,
And puff'd to bursting e'en, with *flatus*,
At sight of *posse comitatus*,
He deem'd it legal knowledge.

He soon resolv'd to give it vent,
Like Eolus on mischief bent,
Or C—ff—d or R—lly,
Left *coculus indicus* behind*
With bag of deleterious wind,
He flew to Piccadilly.

Content to take the poison thou,
Because the blockhead said "*as how*
'Twould cure thy melancholy ;"
Who wonders, when so wise his look
That thou for Freedom's† emblem took
The glaring cap of Folly.

Can'st thou suppose, O weak of head
The public will be long misled
By shallow false pretences ?
Will they not see with eagle sight
THE COMMONS' PRIVILEGE AND RIGHT
THE PEOPLE'S STRONGEST FENCE IS ?

* Bad advice is not the only deleterious drug the s—— deals in.

† The cap of liberty is borne on the s——'s carriage, qu. if a fool's cap would not be more in character ?

In thee they only view'd the man
 Who beat SEDITION's drum well,
 They now in thy develop'd plan,
 * See BONAPARTE and CROMWELL.

The horror of the wise and good,
 Thou meet'st their execration,
 Awhile suspending party feud
 To save a threatened nation.

Art thou so hoodwink'd by thy pride
 So wilful blind to future fate?
 Unconscious what thin lines divide
 The popular applause and hate?

Learn then, B——t, thou man of crime,
 From Hoel learn, the man of rhyme,
 The pseudo patriot's pedestal
 Is founded on the sands,
 Before the idol, millions fall
 And raise applauding hands.

"A living God!" the high Priest cries,
 "A living God!" the multitude replies,
 "A living God!" the † Temple's roofs rebound,
 And Earth and Hell reverberate the sound.

But TRUTH the flimsy veil withdraws;
 And the late worship'd God,
 Turn'd to an humble clod,
 Lies scatter'd by the hands that thunder'd with
 applause.

* See the Morning Post, Wednesday April 18th.

† Qu. Does the poet allude to a place so called, east of Temple-bar, and so remarkable for its *loyalty*?

HINTS TO ASPIRING CITIZENS.

ADVICE to you, some may think needless, as so many of you have of late become the self-elected advisers of majesty and of ministers ; however, for the sake of young beginners, I cannot let you pass without a hint or two.

When you first come up to town, with your broad-skirted coat, strait-combed hair, and hobnailed shoes, I will allow you to *wonder* for one week, and to continue *blushing* for another ; but as those are high crimes and misdemeanors at the present day, you must leave them both off as soon as possible—an evening walk in Fleet-street will cure you of the latter, and as the former is a sign of ignorance, it will wear off as you become more knowing.

When you have been a year or two in the metropolis, and get licked into shape by your Sunday perambulations to Bagnigge Wells, White Conduit House, &c. you must become *werry genteel*, and sport your pretty person in Rotten Row ; to do this, a *horse* is necessary, though some ingenious young cits contrive to do it, with *half a one* !—now I don't intend that you shall accomplish this like Baron Münchhausen, who rode forty miles on half a horse, after his hind-quarters were cut off—No ! no ! my mode is simpler ; for your friend and you, each buying one half may tack them together, and thus make your appearance alternately.

If you are ambitious of being thought to belong to the cavalry, before you get mounted, you may carry a pair of spurs in your pocket—and then slipping them on in one of the retired walks—during the remainder of your saunter in Kensington Gardens, you will have the credit of

having left your horse in the Park—then should any inquisitive impertinent ask where your bit of blood is, you can easily point to the dappled grey, or to the bright chestnut, or you may more politely damn your servant for not being in waiting, and swear you'll turn him off instantly.

You may also upon occasion sport your spurs in the box-lobby, but forget not to take them off before you pass St. Paul's.

To be quite the thing,—a mistress is the next thing needful—but should it not be convenient to have a *whole one*, you may refer, as above, to the directions in horse-flesh.

We will now suppose you married to your master's widow or daughter, or that old hunk in the country has come down a few hundreds to set you a-going; expend your loose cash in *ornamenting* your shop, and you will find no difficulty in *stocking* it upon credit. Then, if your *first returns* in the *paper way* are inconvenient, there are sale-rooms at hand which will keep your credit alive until you have established your custom, by that ingenious and now universal resource, the art of puffing. This, indeed, may drive wise men from your shop, but as it will infallibly attract others, I think the *odds* are rather in your favour. In this art, a little novelty may sometimes be necessary; we are tired of going to the best shop, or the cheapest shop—tell us boldly that yours is the *only* shop, and so indeed it would soon be, if people would believe you.

There is another and a bolder dash, which, however, requires more impudence and impertinence than many men are possessed of:—that is, to start with the *POLITICAL SHOP*.—This trick, however, cannot be played off every day, and requires considerable preparation; the shortest method is to begin selling your odds and ends of

damaged linens and cheap calicoes in some wooden booby hutch near a great thoroughfare, where you may never wish to see your customers above once in their lives, and where they may perhaps think that *once* too often. Here you may lay the foundation of your independence both in purse and in professions; and, as you must be a decided enemy to all tyranny, it is but fair to cheat the excise or customs when it comes in your way. Should you be called on in the course of these transactions to explain any part of it before the myrmidons of justice, recollect that a clever fellow may *forswear* without *perjuring* himself, and though a *good judge* may distinguish between truth and falsehood, it is not every body else that can.

By attending at the vestry you may first set up as a parish patriot; attack the churchwardens and overseers, exclaim against the poor's rates, and sneer at the parson, and you will not fail of being chronicled as an enemy to corruption. The next step is to common council-man, that great stepping-stone to civic honours. If you canvas for this it is easily got, or indeed you may often come in as a stop gap when there is no respectable person that will serve; however this may be, let your friends, or if you have none, you yourself may trumpet it forth as the reward of your public virtue. *Remember* that this entitles you to the appellation of *esquire*, though in truth, that is only properly applied to the *deputy*, and even then only by courtesy; but should others forget it, you may remind them of it, by having your phiz stuck up in the print shops with *ESQ.* at the bottom of it. Now is your harvest for popularity; attend all city meetings; talk on every subject; give the lord mayor a lesson on dignity; instruct the recorder in precedents; explain the law to the common serjeant; and above all vote against all dinners at

the expence of the corporation. Whenever any important political, diplomatic, or military question comes before public, you must always bring it before a common hall; make a long speech, no matter whether to the purpose or not; attack each of your opponents *personally*; if they reply complain of *personality*; but your best and most approved method is to *request* that your opponents may be heard; a manœuvre which you may practice with the greatest safety, having already settled with your friends that they shall make as much noise as possible. Your resolutions already written and *read*, though not *heard*, will then be passed unanimously, and your oratory becomes the theme of every patriotic pot-house in the city. It is true that these manœuvres will be easily seen through, but then those whose approbation you are most anxious to gain, instead of despising, will applaud you for your ingenuity.

Should the party you support come into *power*, you have a chance of coming into *place*; now there are some good things in the county of Middlesex—the receipt of the land-tax for instance: here, however, you will be careful not to ask what *they* cannot grant:—a word to the wise—many things happen between the cup and the lip! Take a good thing when it is offered you; don't stand *shilly-shally*, else you may *wait, man!* long before they come into power again.

But the grand object after all is the *shop!* those who cannot give you a place, will give you their custom, to ensure your support, and even though they don't pay, it will be no bad speculation to have a marquis's coronet at your door.

As *credit* is the life and soul of trade, so you must support yours by appearing *creditable*; therefore, let your Sunday *rosinante* be metamorphosed into a curricule and

pair; or should you chuse to dash on a more moderate scale, let your cart-horse labour and do all his work for six days, and give him, on the *seventh*, a holiday in the *shay*.

If you prefer rural retirement to the bustle of a watering place, you may readily find a complete *rus in urbe*, in the vicinity of some of the brickfields, which adorn the outskirts of this gay metropolis—where your white rails, scarlet beans, cut yews, and piping fawns, will show the full bloom of civic taste and opulence.

Thus you may enjoy your rustic delights without being a mile off the stones, and have your olfactory nerves completely employed, though indeed the perfume of a tan-yard or of a burning brick is not quite equal to new mown hay.

Your own occasional residence at this paradise of sweets, must be highly conducive to the morals of your *servants*, who have thus an opportunity of carrying on their own *private trade* to the best advantage, and of course must be initiated in all the mysteries of the business.

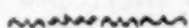
As soon as your boys are able to walk, the gateway of some preparatory school is gaping to receive them; where they have every chance of becoming philosophers, of getting rid of all the foolish ties of parental influence or of filial affection, and of being completely unincumbered with the prejudices of early education.

Your girls of course will soon find their way to some *seminary for young ladies*, where they will become qualified for high life, by learning to despise and detest the *shop*, and will soon be disposed to run away with any man who chuses to call himself an esquire or captain.

Call me not harsh or cynical for drawing *this* picture; let any man take a ramble in the Strand or in Cheapside

in a winter's evening, and ask the stories of the different unfortunate females he may meet, he will then find that four out of five owe their misery to that sink of folly and wretchedness,—a modern boarding school!

I still hope and believe that these hints are applicable only to a few, but “where the cap fits——!”



TIMBER-YARD LOGIC.



MR. EDITOR,

PASSING a few evenings since across St. Giles's, I took a short cut through an old *timber-yard*, where I observed a considerable number of active citizens assembled round a couple of carts with some boards laid over. Judging from their conversation that they *wanted reform*, I supposed that some pious coal-heaver might be on the point of holding forth; I took my station therefore in a snug corner, but was soon informed by a *gentleman in black*, with a brush and shovel, that the meeting was called in order to investigate the causes which had led to the apprehension of one of their friends, whilst *attending his duty* that morning in Palace-Yard. It had been at first intended to hold the meeting in the tap-room of the Maidenhead, but this design was altered on pretence that the room was not large enough; however my friend in black observed that the true reason was the expectation that a gentleman well known in Bartlemy-fair would honour the meeting with his presence, in order to preserve his popularity, and that

he was unwilling to enter any house, as the *chalk marks* against the chimney-piece had a bad effect upon his eye-sight. In this expectation indeed they were disappointed, but the business went on without him.

The first who entered on the subject of discussion, was Bill *Starch* the chandler's man, who came stiffly on the boards with a long roll of paper, which at first sight alarmed some of the gentlemen, as they took it for a constable's staff; however Mr. *Starch* opened the paper and opened the business, with all the *flour* of rhetoric in his possession. He told the crowd, that they knew the object of the meeting, and that he knew what must be their feelings on such an occasion. Some people he said might suppose it to be a *ticklish* subject, but for his part he thought otherwise; he thought it would be well supported, and, that it would never *come to drop*. The case to be sure was a very plain one; they had been deprived of a beloved companion and associate, who with a strict adherence to all the principles of liberty and equality had been exerting himself for the whole of the morning at the Westminster meeting, in looking after the *public's purse*, and who was such an enemy to any man's pocketing that money which might be more useful in circulation, that wherever he saw any sign of it, he would never rest, until he got to the bottom of it. As to what their friend had done, for his part, he could see no harm in it, he knew they were all of the same opinion, and that if *queer bail* was necessary, they would all stand forward, and support their worthy associate, until, as he had that day heard it said in another place, "that no more money is taken from the pockets of the people than is necessary for the *public service*." (Hear, hear!) He then read his resolutions.

1st. That we highly approve of our friend Frank

Fowlett's applying to us for a character to save him from quod.

2d. That Frank Fowlett's conduct in calling out "stop thief," and trying to codge the constables by putting them on the wrong scent, was quite the go to queer the nabbing cull.

3d. That the rum codgers in Bow-street should be asked to let our friend Frank out of quod, and to lend him a hand at shifting the snag, if there was occasion.

Here there were repeated cries of "no! no. No tricks upon travellers! no queering the rum ones"—after a pause the fourth resolution was read, to send Frank a letter, telling him "to keep his spirits up till the end of the sessions, as nobody would *peach*."

Some other resolutions were read, after which *Tom Twisthard* the tobacco spinner came forward, and told the meeting that he had got something to say, and would therefore make a speech; "he knew they were all friends of liberty. Some of them might have heard of Wilkes and No. 45,"—no! no! exclaimed several of the worthy citizens, give us some of your own high dried, or Hardham's, No. 37!--"my friends," resumed the orator, whilst the words came like snuff from his mill, "you seem to be fond of short cut, I have therefore got some for you ready cut and dry"—he for his part had no objections to the laws, as long as they did not touch his own friends, but in the present case he could not feel satisfied with them. Indeed he knew that his worthy friend's imprisonment did not arise from his active exertions on that day alone, but from the whole tenor of his past life, for gentlemen must know that there was a very troublesome law in force, empowering the justices to commit a man who had the character of a reputed vagrant!—It was very true that some gentle-

men on his first examination had expressly requested that his past conduct might not be taken in consideration; this however was a blunder of Paddy Popinjay the Irish chance-seller or Little-go-man, for every body said that Paddy would have been the first to talk of character, if it would have been in his favour. He concluded by saying he would cut short the business by declaring himself resolved upon all the resolutions, and by lamenting that the officers were always now in such crowds about the door, that there was no getting into the office to say a word to his honour the justice himself.

A jolly sailor then stepped on the boards, he would however have been more in his element upon the fore-castle; and he was followed by a recruiting serjeant that some people say wanted to list catholics for the militia. This military genius talked about people being puzzled, until he puzzled both himself and his hearers; he then told them of a *Sergeant* that was stopped by a hall door, but for his part when he had the honour once to command a party he never stopped for any thing, but with equal unconcern rode over the laws or over an old woman. He was observed on this occasion to say nothing of the *Bill of Wrights*; some folks indeed thought he had left off the upholstering, and taken to barbering, as he talked much about *old wigs* and found great fault with the new ones. He would have gone on much longer, but the sight of a porter's knot covered with a piece of *Turkish carpet* had such an effect upon his feelings that he retired abruptly, and I was happy to escape from these sons of liberty.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours,

April 20th.

OBSERVATOR.

MODERN PROJECTION.

MR. SATIRIST,

In looking over your publication for July last, I observe with pleasure that you indulged the spouse of a *Burdettite* with an opportunity of stating her claims to a reform. Alas, sir, great as her woes are, for I fear that the *itch for reform* is quite incurable, except perhaps by a ticklish application under the left ear, which like the "Solar Tincture" will either kill or cure, yet never can they be compared to mine; for I, sir, am the wife of a *Projector*, who has never yet succeeded in any project in his life, except that of chusing me for his rib, and though he, ever since the *transfer* of my affections, has been my sole director, trustee, and *auditor*, yet I fear that *my share* in *his*, does not at present bear a premium.

You see, Mr. Satirist, that I can not even write without using the language of this new science, for indeed, sir, it is the only language I have heard from my husband for these last ten years. When he comes home at nights from some of his directorships, instead of making himself comfortable, he talks of nothing but boring a tunnel under Snowhill, and in the morning he tells me of stock getting up, though for my part I fear it will never get up again, for when I ask him for any cash he always has an excuse of wanting it for the next instalments.

We had been but a short time married when he happened to be taken by a friend to hear some foreign count lecture, a Count Humbug, or Rumbug, or something of that kind; he then talked for several days of getting a *digester*, so I advised him, as a good wife should, to

take a glass of wine and bitters before dinner ; but Lord, sir, I thought he had lost his senses, for the next day he scolded the butcher for having too little bone in the leg of mutton we had for dinner, declared that in future he would buy nothing but bone, and expressed his hope that the old exploded toast of " high in bone and low in flesh " would soon be adopted by the agricultural societies, instead of their usual one about " fat and fleece." Having scalded himself by the head of his digester flying off, whilst he was trying the important experiment of making soup enough for the whole parish out of a mutton chop and a pennyworth of onions, he next turned baker ; but it is needless to tell you how many ovens he built, and how many batches of bread he burnt, I shall therefore proceed to detail some of his later speculations.—His next plan was to turn brewer, and he assured me that he would soon make a fortune by a grand scheme for supplying all London from one Brewery, where they should use nothing but malt and hops, *and other legal articles*. Well, sir, had he been disposed to try his experiment only on a grand scale, I might perhaps at first have been contented ; but then so eager was he to qualify himself for a directorship, that he began to try experiments on a small scale at home : in this he continued until he burnt his fingers, and until we had nearly got a Coroner's Inquest in the house, from one of the maids in a mistake having drank rather too much out of a bottle of his *legal ingredients*.

He next proposed that his joint stock company should increase their profits, by fattening pigs upon the *grains* ; but Lord help his foolish head ! what have people who can brew from *legal articles* to do with *grains* ? so I may say, Sir, he brought his pigs to a fine market, and as many of them died, though they were fed upon no-

thing but the wash that came from the brewery, he became a strenuous advocate for the plan to ensure the lives of farming stock. For this grand concern he had many new ideas, and it was his intention to set up a carriage as soon as it was completed : for he told me that if his plan was adopted, they would not only insure the payment of a certain sum on the death of a single horse, but that if he sported a pair he could run one against the other with benefit of survivorship ; nay, sir, he intended not only to insure their lives, but also to grant annuities on them, so that a horse by living a few years might be able to buy his own hay and oats, and thus cost nothing for keeping.

Well, sir, the company was established, and they got a chairman, *he indeed* was ready made to their hands, and they got directors, and clerks, and they got——no! they did not get any customers ; so, sir, as there was no office to insure *that article*, my good man was forced to turn his genius to some other object. At one time he thought of establishing a bank which might serve as a place of deposit for the whole world, if they would only bring their cash to it ; this kept him for some time in a *Brown* study, and his prospectus was drawn up with every attention that sound and sense should be appropriate. As one house would not be sufficient for the transaction of the whole business, he intended that the *note* department should be in Paper-buildings, that those who wanted change should go to the office in Silver-street, whilst he himself would attend to the affairs in Golden-square. This scheme unfortunately like many others did not happen to answer, so he is now deeply engaged in a new one to light up all the mail coach roads in the united kingdom by means of pipes from the burning coal-mines in Staffordshire, and thus to conduct the post

at a much cheaper rate, by saving the oil in the coach lamps. Our own house now, sir, from the number of pipes through it, resembles an organ; he has not yet quite finished his plan—but I hear him boring a hole in the maid's bed chamber.

Yours, in haste,

PENELOPE PROJECT.

THE BREWER'S DRUGGIST.

TO SAMUEL WHITBREAD, ESQ.

FRIEND SAMMY,

I AM a poor ignorant country brewer, who would fain grow richer and wiser, and verily it doth seem unto me that thou can'st both instruct me how to pursue the paths which lead unto knowledge and affluence. Thou hast laboured, though with *different materials*, in the same calling as myself, and thou knowest that malt and hops, of which *my* ale and beer are solely manufactured, have become grievously expensive. Now I am informed that thou art enabled, with the assistance of Mr. Sheriff Wood, to produce a *saleable article*, (yclept *porter*, by thee and thy London brethren) of more intoxicating potency than that in which I deal, without using one half the quantity of those wholesome materials which I constantly and exclusively employ. I learned this secret the other night at *the Barley Mow*, a snug public house, in our village, where I was smoaking my pipe and talking politics, for we poor country brewers shall never be able to go to coffee-houses and London taverns, till we get a

brewer's druggist among us. I'll tell thee how it was:— We were talking about Magna Charta, Sir Francis Burdett, the *posse comitatus*, and Mr. Sheriff Wood, when a young political barber enquired what trade the latter patriot followed? He was answered by an old gentleman who had recently returned from London, that Mr. Sheriff Wood was a BREWER'S DRUGGIST!!—" *A brewer's druggist!*" exclaimed I, "What the devil has a brewer to do with *drugs!*" The old gentleman smiled at what he termed my ignorance, and observed, that if Messrs. Whitbread, (meaning thyself) Harvey Combe, and other patriotic brewers, had confined their dealings to hop merchants, maltsters, and publicans, they would'nt have been parliament men, and instead of drinking champagne, burgundy, and every kind of expensive liquors, except their own beer, they would have been glad of a seat in a country club-room, and have thought the genuine juice of malt and hops a luxury. "It is the *druggist*," added he, "that has made their fortunes!" Now, friend Sammy, do let me know what kind of drugs this Sheriff Wood deals in; he is a patriot, and damn him, I don't much like to trust him, but if I can lessen my maltster's and hop-merchant's bills, without any great injury to my customers, and thereby become a great man like thee, I don't much care if I do "drug my *bowls*" a little, as Shakespeare says. Our attorney says that the sheriff is a cursed bad lawyer, and that if it had'nt been for his comrade, he would have come to the same end as one of Sir Francis Burdett's former cronies, for it seems he mistook the law about the *posse comitatus*, and thought a sheriff superior to a magistrate, when some act of parliament, made in the reign of one of our king Henries, expressly states, that the sheriff

shall be empowered by *two* magistrates to call out his *posse*. It would have been a sad thing for you London brewers, if you had prematurely lost your *druggist*, though mayhap the constitution of the people would have been benefited.

I am, dear Sammy,
Biggleswade, Your obedient Servant,
April 16th, 1810. A COUNTRY BREWER.

ESQUIRES.

Come cut and long tail, under the degree of a squire!

Shakespeare.

Sir,

If death be a destroyer of distinctions, so is time also; for time maketh that respectable which was once vile, and that vile which was once respectable. The mutations which are produced by the slow but certain progress of time, might furnish matter for much curious remark, and, peradventure, for much melancholy emotion; but as I mean to be neither a philosopher nor a sentimentalist in this letter, I shall abstain from all the tempting opportunities of rhetorical and pathetic embellishment which my genius might otherwise impel me into, and proceed simply to the object of my epistle.

It was once observed, sir, by a certain member of our Commons House of Parliament, that it was hardly possible to spit out of window without the hazard of be-

dewing some volunteer officer with our rheum: and much as that evil was to be deplored, a still greater now exists, for we cannot cough in the streets without certainly coughing in the face of an *ESQUIRE*; and, as an *ESQUIRE* is presumed to be a *gentleman*, we are in momentary danger of committing a heinous offence against good manners, and, as some *gentlemen* who are *not esquires*, may be tenacious of the *conduct* of *gentlemen*, they are placed in a very awkward predicament.

In a free country like this, there can be no doubt that every man has a right to call himself by whatever denomination he thinks proper; and it may, perhaps, appear preposterous to condemn any one for assuming the title of *esquire*; for some, indeed, have assumed it apparently with a just knowledge of its original import, which signified, according to the interpretation of our old law-writers, *agaso*, that is, a boy to attend or keep a horse: now it can hardly be doubted that many modern esquires might derive their qualifications for the title from the stable.

This prostitution of a title that was once honourable deserves to be stigmatised. That it *was* a title of distinction we all know, and honest Camden, in his *once Britannia* says, speaking of it,

“ Hiis (i. e. *knights*,) proximi fuere Armigeri, qui et scutiferi, hominesque ad armadicti, qui vel a clypeis gentilitiis, quæ in nobilitatis insignia gestant; vel quia principibus & majoribus illis nobilibus ab armis erant, nomen traxerunt.” p. 111.

JERRY PORCUPINE.

A FRAGMENT.

* * * * * Now it is this very circumstance that the villany of the thing consists; and as I have ever admired the liberality of the maxim, which says, give the devil his due, I am resolved that it shall not pass: for little as the devil's merit may be, it cannot be less than Jerry Porcupine's, and it is scandalous to rob the poor. He has been described to be the most savage, ferocious, ungovernable monster in existence; and the charge has been so often repeated that nobody doubts the truth of it. Now, as it happens, nothing can be falser. I have seen such proofs of his tameness and submission as to have witnessed would have made the arrantest toad-eater that ever was born to be foot-ball of the society, fancy himself by comparison a man of spirit.

Love doeth wonders: it can tame the most ferocious animals, and make the most mild and timid fierce as lions: and since brutes are known to be such slaves to love, the reason is very evident why Jerry Porcupine should submit so entirely to its absolute dominion. Why in the very business of the Court-Martial that has drawn upon him the contempt and hatred of all who ever heard his name, he was led into the scrape by love. The story will serve to show how his character has been mistaken.

The wilds of America have of late been fixed on as the scene for many a pretty love adventure; and it was here that Jerry first yielded to the passion that has since swayed his destiny. In the regiment of which he was serjeant-major, there was a serjeant who had a very pretty little daughter, of whom Jerry became enamoured, and passed with her all the time that he could spare from the parade and suttlings-house. It is unnecessary here to detail the

progress of their love ; or to resort to the stale trick of punning, and talk in the terms of his profession of his regular approaches, storming the breast-work, forcing the trenches sword in hand, and compelling the besieged to surrender at discretion. It is enough to say that in the rank and person of Jerry, the serjeant's daughter saw enough to satisfy her utmost desires, and returned his passion with equal ardour. The chaplain of the regiment was to have joined their hands. But whether the officers of the regiment thought that his matrimonial and regimental duties would not agree, and were fearful that he would not be able to attend to his wife's business and teach them their duty at the same time, or whether any of them had cast an eye of desire on the serjeant's daughter, and was envious of Jerry's success, I know not ; but whatever might be the motive, the intended nuptials were no sooner intimated, than Jerry received orders to return immediately to Europe to raise recruits, and as a ship was then ready to sail, he was forced to embark. I should speak here of the tears of the lovers, if any had been shed. The serjeant's little daughter was indignant, but she did not weep. She had thought of helping Jerry to raise recruits in America, and she was resolved that if he raised any elsewhere it should not be without her assistance. She embarked on board the same ship and accompanied him to England. Here the faithful lovers were married ; but the serjeant's little daughter was not satisfied. She had her fill of love indeed, but now she thirsted for revenge. She resolved to punish those, who had endeavoured to rob her of her Jerry. She ordered him to request his discharge ; and having obtained it she next commanded him to prefer the charges on which the officers were afterwards brought to a court-martial. That he afterwards fled from the charge, which he had pledged himself by

all the torments of hell to support, is not to be wondered at ; for his fear of punishment was as great as his fear of shame was little ; besides though he could easily make the charge to please his wife, his powers of pleasing did not extend to the manufacture of facts. Flight therefore was his only resource. Now when a man plunges over head and ears in infamy merely to gratify the petty resentments of a woman, it would be hard to deny him the praise which such gallantry may deserve, as it would be absurd to say that he is absolutely ungovernable, when he yields such passive obedience to his wife.

It were the easiest thing in the world to mention a hundred instances of his *Jerryism*. Ever since he has had two pair of breeches that he could call his own, he has never ventured to put one pair on till his wife has decided which he shall wear for the day ; so that between the two, he has sometimes, on a cold frosty morning, stood for more than half an hour bare-breeched, till the little despot has determined the point. He never drilled a soldier more perfectly to obey the word and signal of command than he himself is drilled ; the motion of her eye directs his speech. If he begins a sentence expressing one opinion, and he observes the look of dissent, he is sure to conclude with an absolute contradiction ; or such a qualification as amounts to no less : and this controul extends not only to his speech and writings, but to his thoughts. This may account for his having so often changed sides, and making those the objects of his praise whom he had first rendered worthy to be his associates, by covering them with the ordure of his low abuse. It was said long ago, rather ungallantly indeed, making a mere thing of a woman, "*Varium et mutabile semper fœmina*;" but when, as in the present instance, may be

added, "*dur fœmina facti*," the maxim may be applied to explain the numerous tergiversations and contradictions of which Jerry has been guilty. It need not, however, be imagined that all his railings and lies are the consequence of his obedience, because they are natural to him; but it is certain that if his little despot was to order him to write with decency for once, and speak the truth, he would not venture to disobey; but there is no probability that this proof of his obedience will ever be required.

Now if there be any merit in *Jerryism*, the Jerry Porcupine may lay claim to the first rank; for in addition to all this * * * * *

CONFESSIONS OF A POLITICIAN.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of those who have long lamented that corruption and abuse have been *eating into* the constitution for a series of years; my fears for my country are now, however, at an end, as the worthy and independent liverymen of this great metropolis, by their reforming dinner at the London tavern, seem determined to *eat it out*. My anxious cares for my country being thus comparatively at rest, for I have no doubt of the exertions of my political friends in the present case, well knowing that they can swallow any thing, I am more at leisure to take a retrospective view of a long political life, dedicated entirely to patriotic purposes.

Much have I designed, though I have as yet executed but little; for I was always unfortunate enough to find that those whom I instructed in the principles of liberty,

were too anxious to put it in practice; so that as soon as I taught them to think for themselves, they would never think as *I would have them*.

Though born long before the æra of the French revolution, I cannot help considering myself as a child of equality, as that principle was even put in action preparatory to my birth. My father was the son of a careful parent, who, anxious for his happiness, proposed that he should make his addresses to one of two young ladies in the neighbourhood, whose charms and fortunes were *equal*; the steady youth being asked to make a choice, assured his father that it was quite *equal* to him which of them he married; a match was therefore made, and like a true citizen of equality, I was born on that day in the vernal equinox, when the days and nights were *equal*. Whether my father found any correspondent equality, in his days and nights, I have never been able to ascertain, for I have understood that he died in the exercise of that most amiable of all virtues—*patience*, having dropped down in an apoplexy, after coming from the Lord Mayor's feast, and whilst listening to a lecture of my mother's on the natural superiority of the sex. My first initiation into the sublime principles of modern politics took place very early in life; as I cried for every thing I saw, and got every thing I cried for; a principle, the former part of which I find is the practice of all our modern patriots, though they do not always accomplish the latter; it is not surprising therefore that when sent to school, I should be a constitutional opposer of those infringements upon the natural rights of young citizens, arising from the severity of the master, and also of that illiberal system of intolerance and proscription *set up* against a general enjoyment and participation of the bounty of nature, in the shape of garden walls and orchard hedges.

I was not so fortunate as the son of a great modern patriot, who had a father to teach him to translate magna charta at the breakfast table, at the very instant when the officers of justice were breaking into his house in order to carry him to *quod*; indeed, my father had no notion of stage-effect, and his only idea of opposition was to d—n the minister and the shop-tax. Notwithstanding this deficiency in my political tuition, I was sufficiently skilled in the rights of nature, to *pair off* with one of the servant-maids, who thereupon found it necessary to accept the Chiltern Hundreds and vacate her seat; an exercise of my natural rights which induced my mother to bring her *dear* boy back to her own guidance and inspection. I now began to be a speculative politician at those great manufactories of declamation, the debating So—but it will intrude too much on your limits to enter into the detail of my progress, I shall therefore come down to later events. I cannot as yet boast indeed of being a *tried* patriot nor am I very anxious to figure in *that line*; I have not as yet been exhibited in a picture like the patriotic linen-draper, nor have I been exhibited in a frame like my friend Peter; yet, Mr. Satirist, I have been a great and daring opposition writer, and I may boast of having chalked out the political creed of more patriots, than the Independent Whig or any other Whig who frequents the Freemasons' Tavern. There never was an act of parliament, Mr. Satirist, through which a clever fellow may not drive a coach and six; accordingly I laughed at all the libel and sedition bills; for a staunch patriot need never run the risk of writing on paper, whilst there are chalk, walls, and gateways in the metropolis. In short, sir, my writings were soon in every body's mouth, and quoted by the public on all occasions, for they consisted of little more than “no popery”—“no bank notes,” and

“Burdett for ever.”—If my writings were all in favour of liberty, so like, my friends, my conversation was all about *consistency* ; but that, Mr. Satirist, is the very thing which I want you to give me some information about, for I have talked of it so much, and my friends have explained it so often, that now I really cannot understand it. Unable to comprehend their theory, I have for some time been endeavouring to define it by their practice, but there I am more at fault ; and, as you seem to have kept a pretty good look out on all their manœuvres, my last hope is that you will be able to reconcile some of the paradoxes which I must confess have lately very much astonished me. In the first place, sir, I always understood, that the old whigs framed and supported those acts of parliament which secured to us a protestant king, a protestant parliament, together with a privy council, a lord chancellor, two archbishops, &c. &c. of the same persuasion ; now these acts, as far as they exclude any set of men, may so far be called “proscriptive”—and the new whigs call out for the abolition of all exclusion and proscription. Pray then, Sir, must I believe that my friends intend that a catholic may in future if he pleases, fill any of these situations ? for if they do not, their “unqualified emancipation” which they have talked of so often, must only be a stalking-horse, or a tub to the whale, and consistency a humbug. A great friend of mine, a broad-bottomed gentleman, who is particularly careful never to say a word about sinecures or reversions, refused to give his master a pledge that he would talk no more about clapping crucifixes on the soldier’s knapsacks, yet I have reason to believe that he was not so coy with his friends at the *Golden Cross*, at *Alma Mater*. Nay, sir, in his long letter about potatoes and all that sort of things, he asks for the very thing that

he blamed his master for hinting at, and yet his friends say that he is consistent!

But I have been most puzzled, sir, with the late events which have so unhappily disturbed the metropolis, without profit to any body as far as I can find out, except the glaziers. The Piccadilly patriot certainly secured to his friends for a few days the liberty of throwing mud and brick bats, but as to any other liberty which he could secure to the people, by curtailing the privileges of their representatives, I must confess I am unable to find it out. 'Tis very true, that from the days of Simon Montfort down to those of Sydney and Hampden, our ancestors have fought and bled for liberty of speech; but I cannot believe that our virtuous patriots bled either on the scaffold or in the field, in order that Gale Jones, or Cross Jack Peter should sell out constitutional animadversions in shilling worths. But here, sir, what puzzles me most is, that the people should be called on to applaud these principles and practice in the Brentford knight, which are more subversive of their rights than any measure proposed even by a Strafford. That, sir, is my great difficulty: in fact, as many of my friends cannot get over it, I am almost disposed to take an idea from old Euclid, and call it the "political ass's bridge,"—if you, sir, can shew me the way over it, you will oblige

*From my lodgings in view
of the Hustings, Covent
Garden, 16th April, 1810.*

Yours,

JAMES DOUBTFUL.

P. S. Though I have called this letter, *Confessions, &c.* I shall not confess all I know till next month, by which time I hope some of my doubts will be removed by the 32d number of the Satirist.

THE POETICAL SAINT.

 No. II.

MR. SATIRIST,

WHEN I submitted to your consideration, a few months ago, the poetical wonders of the SPIRITUAL SEA VOYAGE,* I gave you a kind of intimation that, at the first opportunity, I should direct your attention to some other of the works of that sublime poet, the *Reverend W. HUNT-ington*, S. S. and I proceed now therefore to offer a few comments on his extraordinary production, SPIRITUAL BIRTH†, which he calls a *divine poem*.

The Poet commences with a moral reflection; and, as it should seem, to engage the sympathy of his reader at the outset, paints with great feeling and simplicity the condition of a poetical Saint. In the very second stanza, he speaks of the disguise under which he is constantly obliged to live, and of being beset with imminent dangers; and admits that his necessities have compelled him to have recourse to Jew money-lenders, whom, it seems, however, that he has not been able to pay: for he says with admirable naïveté,

‘ Yea, and *Moses* pursues us for debt.’ line 8. p. 3.

The introduction in this place of the nickname, by which this class of Jews are generally known, produces a most striking effect. The poet afterwards alludes to the circumstance of this debt, and takes occasion to reprobate the usurious disposition of the Jew, who it seems was not

* See SATIRIST, Vol. V. p. 445.

† SPIRITUAL BIRTH, a DIVINE POEM. Sold at Providence chapel on Monday and Wednesday evenings, and at Monkwell Street meeting on Tuesday evening. Ed. 3. 1803.

to be satisfied with a regular payment, though some friend had redeemed his pledge. His triumphant remonstrance is extremely dignified.

‘ Now, *Moses*, from bondage my soul is enlarg’d,
My redeemer has cancelled my debt;
My fatal arrears are now wholly discharg’d,
And kind heaven has sent the receipt.’ p. 7.

Here his pious gratitude in attributing his good fortune to providence is very commendable; though perhaps it is rather too bold a metaphor to make Heaven a stamp office for the issuing of receipts. And if in fact he had no other voucher for the payment of his debt, it is perhaps not so much to be wondered at, that *Moses*, who owns no God but gold, should demur as to the legality of the discharge: for this it seems he did, as may be collected from the following dignified and pathetic passage :

‘ I thought you my friend: and you knew I was poor,
And you gave me long credit, ’tis true;
But had I suspected your rigour before,
I had ne’er struck a balance with you.

I thought to have rais’d your demand from *my trade*,
Till you brought in your fatal account:’—p. 7. and 8.

The reader must be surprized to find *Moses* lending upon such security; but the poet adds,

‘ A second discharge of a bill that is past
Is a payment that never can end:
The sum for the which you *arrested* me last,
Has been fully discharg’d by a friend.’—p. 8.

It does not exactly appear from this, whether *Moses* arrested the saint twice for the same debt; but if he did the legal advisers of the poet must have been strangely

negligent of their duty not to have advised him to have brought an action on the case. But to return to the poem.

It appears to have been the author's intention to describe the progress of the new birth in a pious sister, who, before she was awakened to the impressions of love was, to use the phrase of the elect, in a state of barrenness, and reflecting on her condition at this time, she says,

"I envied the brutes which dissolve with the day,
And reflected with wrath on the womb." p. 4.

The last line is very intelligible, but these brutes which *dissolve with the day* are not so visible to carnal eyes; the expression indeed may be used in a metaphorical sense, and the saints will have no difficulty in comprehending it.

The pious sister, as the work of love proceeds, begins to wonder at the change of her condition, and her reflections are thus emphatically expressed;

"Can such a conception be found in the dead,
And if quicken'd, why under the curse?
Hope springing within me, must prove that I'm wed,
And, if barren, then why am I thus?" p. 6.

These doubts, however, are soon entirely removed, and the fair saint yields herself entirely up to the rapture of her new emotions. These are, with great nature and propriety, described in very incoherent terms, since it has been well observed that persons in their transports of joy are very apt to talk nonsense. The following passages, it will be perceived, conform to this rule with great exactness:

"All doubtings and fearings are made to subside,
And submit to the triumphs of love;
The fetters are broke, and the bondage untied,
And exchanged for the wings of a dove." p. 11.

Again,

“ He’s led to the rock by omnipotent hand ;
In the secret cliff he can sing ;
The voice of the truth is heard in the land,
And his winter exchanged for a spring.”

Now this sort of incomprehensibility is the very perfection of divine poetry. It will be found that where it is necessary to be understood the poet can describe plainly enough, and the rapid progress of love, from the first reluctant coyness to mutual tenderness and perfect union, is painted *con amore*, and with all the warmth of a glowing imagination deeply impressed with vivid recollections of such subjects. The pious sister thus describes her feelings:

“ I wept with rejoicing, and sung in my grief ;
And I fainted and melted with love :
I coyley refused his gracious relief,
But he made all my bowels to move.” p. 13.

And a few lines afterwards,

“ When the banner of love was unfurl’d ;
My spirit dissolv’d in the rays of his face,
And I died to the charms of the world.” p. 14.

She is anxious to delay the termination of her happiness ;

“ I charged my eyes to refuse to be closed
Lest my husband should slip from my bed.”—Ibid.

She puts forth all her blandishments to detain him ;

“ I used my intreaties his bowels to move,
For I trembled for fear he’d depart ;
And gently wooed him, and call’d him my love,
And I crown’d him the King of my heart.” Ibid.

Her tenderness is amply rewarded,

“Through each silent watch still my bed he would keep,
With his love as profuse as her source;”

The simile intended in the last line is not indeed very palpable, but the passage is perfectly intelligible without it. The consequences of all this love are very naturally described, and as it happens the result is fortunate. The poet declares, that,

“Still in child-bearing the spouse must be saved,” P. 6.

meaning, of course, as Dr. Slop would say, that the forceps are always to be preferred to the Cæsarean operation. But it should seem that in the most extreme case, the saints have no need of human assistance; the pious sister, despairing of deliverance, only puts up a prayer,

“And my mountains were sunk to a plain.” P. 6.

In forming a general estimate of the merits of this extraordinary production, it is not easy to decide which is most admirable the simplicity and natural developement of the fable, the delicacy and propriety of the imagery, the classic purity of the diction, or the melody of the versification: but whether all these qualities are not surpassed by the value of the moral which is inculcated, I leave, Mr. Satirist, to your decision,

THAUMASO SCRUTINY.

INTERCEPTED CORRESPONDENCE.

THE following papers were intercepted in the late expedition to Walcheren, how they fell into our hands is immaterial; they seem, however, to have belonged to a person who was lately sent home in disgrace from thence.

These papers have been somewhat mutilated, and are partly written in cypher, however such parts as are legible we shall lay before our readers.

No. I.

Whereas we * * * * * having secretly taken upon us the stile and title of chief consul and protector of the kingdom of * * * * * until such time as we shall assume one more absolute and more suitable to the high dignity, power, and authority with which we shortly intend to invest ourself.—To our trusty and well beloved * * * * * greeting.—It being necessary for the well being and honor of our kingdom to send an ambassador invested with full powers to our dearly beloved cousin, Napoleon, by his own power and authority emperor of France and King of Italy, to treat of such weighty matters and things as to the safety of our sacred person, and the welfare of the state do appertain and belong—We do therefore hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint you our said dearly beloved ———, and you are hereby nominated, constituted, and appointed accordingly, our ambassador extraordinary to our dear cousin, the emperor and king Napoleon, as aforesaid, for us and in our name to treat of such high, mighty and important matters as you shall have in charge from us touching the same—and we having in you the said ———, the most implicit faith and confidence do hereby pledge our most sacred word that we will, without hesitation or delay, ratify and confirm all such treaties of amity and alliance as you in your great wisdom shall think proper to conclude with our said dear cousin Napoleon, or his ministers duly authorized and appointed to treat on his behalf, of the weighty and important matters aforesaid—and all acts, conditions, and agreements whatsoever in the premises by you at any time on our behalf done,

entered into, and agreed upon, shall be by us with good faith observed, and in all things so well and truly ratified as if we ourself had been personally present, and signed the same.—Given at our Palace in P——y, this day of in the first year of our consulship.

(Counter-signed)
G. L. W.

Chief Consul and Protector.

No. II.

Instructions to our trusty and well beloved ——— for concluding a treaty of alliance offensive and defensive with the Emperor of France and King of Italy.

(Most confidential.)

The said ——— will immediately proceed to the island of Walcheren with all secrecy, and under such disguises (as well for his own personal safety, as for the success of our intentions in promoting the happiness and welfare of the nation), as to him may seem proper; but we more particularly recommend his constantly wearing a pair of dark green spectacles, lest his remarkable obliquity of sight should betray him to the *enemy*;—on his reaching the island of Walcheren he is to take the first opportunity of falling in with the advanced guard of the French army, and request to be immediately conveyed to our trusty and well beloved Arthur O'Connor, who is said to hold a command in the town of Flushing—if he shall see the said Arthur O'Connor, he shall give him every information, touching ourself, and the situation of this realm—and also touching the British army now laying siege to the said island.—The said ——— will take every opportunity of ingratiating himself with the officers and soldiers of the said army, and obtain, as far as in him lies, all plans and modes of attack proposed by the admirals and generals commanding the expedition, that he may communicate the

same to the said A—— O'C——, or to the officer commanding the forces of France, and having so done, he is to proceed directly to Paris, in order as speedily as possible to commence the important affairs with which he is charged.—In the first place to form a treaty of amity and alliance with the French emperor, and next to obtain such succours as shall contribute to the establishment of our due authority within the realm of G. B.—He is to make the following proposals to the emperor on our behalf, viz. That immediately on the firm and due establishment of our authority, we will cede to France all the islands which have been wrested from her by the British arms, and in addition, surrender to her all the British possessions in the West Indies, except such as have been acquired from Denmark and Holland. That we will use our best endeavours to guarantee to France the possession of South America, and contribute 10 sail of the line, and 10,000 troops towards the conquest of the Brazils from its present possessors.—That we will immediately surrender the fortress of Gibraltar to his brother and our dear cousin Joseph king of Spain---and that the British possessions in the East shall be equally divided between France and England---the conquered possessions of the former being first delivered up.—That England shall reduce her navy to forty sail of the line, and that all exceeding that number shall either be destroyed or delivered up to France, as shall be hereafter agreed upon.—That her standing army shall not exceed the number of—— in time of war, and—— in peace. That England shall supply a contingency of ships and men in any war that France may hereafter be engaged in. That the number of trading ships sailing from or entering the port of London, and all other the sea ports of England shall be limited in such proportion as shall be hereafter agreed upon.—That French consuls shall be ad-

mitted in all the ports of England to see those regulations carried into effect---that the liberty of the press shall be abolished in England.---That on the part of the French emperor, he shall grant to ourself and to the following, our trusty and well beloved counsellors, the insignia of his legion of honor :---viz. to G. L. W——, Esq. W. W—— Esq. Robert W—— Esq. Peter F—— Esq. W.C——t, Esq. Caleb B——n, Esq. Lord C——, Lord F—— Lord O——, R. O'C—— Esq. Major General M. M——, &c. &c. And that he shall grant us the aid of 20,000 French troops, and 50,000 stand of arms to be dispatched. * * * * * The remainder of these instructions being written in cypher, the curiosity of the public respecting them cannot be gratified.

No. III.

FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

If you cannot prevail in procuring the assistance of the emperor without it you are authorized to offer the importation of all French manufactures into our ports free of duty, and that the restraint hitherto so strictly observed respecting the exportation of wool shall be taken off, and that he shall be permitted to assume the title of king of England in the same manner as the kings of England formerly styled themselves kings of France, &c. and that he shall quarter the arms of England with those of France. That no reflections shall be cast on him in the debates of the British Parliament, which in future will have only to register my edicts.

No. IV.

MY DEAR,

As this though confidential is unofficial, I shall write in my usual familiar and friendly style, to inform you of our intentions and plans, that you may conduct yourself accordingly. I intend immediately, if possible, to bring matters to issue, for which purpose I am about to (here follows somewhat in cypher) if these events happen as I think they will, you will immediately forward what assistance you can procure to the coast in the manner and by the means before pointed out.—T—ke says I am premature, but he is in his dotage.—I shall mislead the multitude with my usual cry of *Liberty, Reform, and the Original Constitution*; this will have its effect notwithstanding what may be said against it. I am told that the constitution had no distinct origin, but that it rose like a tree to its present perfection by imperceptible degrees, and that at no former time was it in greater perfection than it is at present; that my plan of reform is in fact an *innovation*: all this is very true, but I trust to our friends the mob for support, who are incapable of reasoning on the subject, and who will be led away, at least for a time, sufficient to serve my purpose, by the glare of that light with which I shall dazzle their eyes—that my hopes rest on a firm foundation, the support which that idiot W——e still meets with, is a proof, notwithstanding he has not a rag to cover the blackness and deformity of his well known character.—C——t is an able assistant, but I dare not trust him too far, you know he is only a *Renegado*. You will be surprised at the terms I offer Brother Nap; but though I must comply with some of them, when I am seated in *my chair* I shall cheat him as well as the people of England, who must be flattered with the title of *Majesty* for a season;

but when I rule them they shall feel that I am not a king
Log—I shall write to you again soon—trust your an-
swer in the hands of the French Minister for foreign af-
fairs, it will safely reach me even if I am in the Tower.

Yours, ever.

~~~~~

## LITERARY IMPOSITION.

*Ogden's Sermons.*

“Auri sacra fames.”

MR. SATIRIST.

IN 1805, a pretended *new* edition of Dr. Samuel Ogden's Sermons was printed by Crowder of Warwick-square. The *fourth* edition was published by Samuel Hallifax, D. D. Lord bishop of Gloucester, in two volumes, in the year 1788. The “*new*” edition is published by one S. Hallifax, who has neither degree nor title.

On perusing in page vii. “the five sermons on the  
“Lord's Supper are NOW FIRST PRINTED,” I eagerly  
bought the *new* edition. Judge of my mortification,  
sir, if you can. I carried it home in haste, and compar-  
ed it with the *fourth* edition of 1788: I then found  
my last purchase to be a mere *fac simile* of the former!!!

I may be told with great gravity, Mr. Satirist, that  
this ingenious trick is a common bookselling contrivance,  
and yet I am not quite satisfied. I have undesignedly  
purchased two copies of the very same kind of work  
exactly; whereas, I was assured that forty-four large  
octavo pages in the last edition were *new*. Who S. Hal-  
lifax may be, I know not. Possibly he is a son of the



worthy bishop. If so, I would remind him of his excellent father, and, request him not rashly to disgrace a good man's memory.

With much respect, I remain,

Mr. Satirist,

Your obedient humble servant,

MUSÆUS.

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### PARALLEL PORTRAITS OF METHODISM.

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It has been thought by some that in drawing the portrait of Methodism, we have frequently indulged a spirit of caricature, and unwarrantably distorted the features of the Saints to make sport for the ungodly. Now we are very ready to admit, that we consider these dear people, as they style themselves, most admirable game, but we really are not vain enough to imagine, that it is in our power to make them appear more ridiculous than they are in themselves. On the contrary we feel a consciousness that we have sketched but a faint outline of their character; that we have but feebly delineated their hypocrisy, their presumption, their consummate ignorance, their blasphemy, and their systematic licentiousness: and we are anxious to supply our own deficiencies, and at the same time to shew that the likeness we have drawn is correct as far as we have finished it, by exhibiting portraits of the same saintly subjects, which have been painted at different periods by eminent masters. We could, if we were inclined, produce a great variety of these, or rather a great number, for there is no variety in them. A methodist is the same in every age and country:

neither time nor climate produce change in him; and the portrait of one serves for the whole class. In the miscellaneous works of Butler, we find the glaring features of the methodist of the present day painted with all the characteristic force and humour of that admirable artist. In the following passage will be easily recognized the sanctified appearance, the senseless ravings, the conventional slang, and the gross sensuality of the modern elect.

“ His hair is cut to the figure of three, two high cliffs run up his temples, whose cap of shorn hair shoots down his forehead, with creeks indented where his ears ride at anchor. Had this false prophet been carried with Habakkuk, the angel had caught fast hold of his ears, and led him as he leads his auditor. His two longest things are his nails and his prayers; but the cleanest thing about him is his pulpit cushion, for he still beats the dust out of it. To do him right, commonly he wears a pair of good lungs, whereby he turns the church into a belfry, for his clapper makes such a din, you cannot hear the cymbal for the tinkling. If his pulpit be large, he walks his round and speaks as from a garrison. When he first enters on his prayer before sermon, he winks and gasps, and gasps and winks, as if he prepared to preach in another world. He seems in a slumber, then in a dream, then rumbles awhile, at last sounds forth, and then throws so much dirt and nonsense towards heaven, as he durst not offer to a member of parliament. His whole prayer is such an irrational bleating, that, without a metaphor 'tis the calves of his lips: and commonly 'tis larded with fine new words, as *savingable, muchly, Christ-Jesusness, &c.* and yet he has the face to preach against prayer in an unknown tongue. Sometimes he is foundered, and then there is such hideous coughing: but that is very seldom, for he can glibly run over nonsense as an empty cart trundles

down a hill. He tore the liturgy, because, forsooth, it shackled his spirit, he would be a devil without a circle; and now if he see the book of common prayer, the fire sees it next, as sure as those bishops were burned who compiled it. His only ingenuity is, that he prays for an extempore spirit, since his conscience tells him he has no learning. His prayer ended, he then looks round, to observe the sex of the congregation, and accordingly turns the apostles, men, fathers, and brethren into dear brethren and sisters, for his usual auditory is most part female: and as many sisters flock to him as at Paris on St. Margaret's day, when all come to church that are or hope to be with child that year. He talks much of truth, but abhors peace, lest it strip him as naked truth; and therefore hates a personal treaty, unless with a sister. He has a rare simpering way of expression; he calls a married couple, saints that enjoy the mystery; and a man drunk, is a brother full of the creature; yet at wedding sermons he is very familiar, and like that picture in the church at Leyden, shews Adam and Eve without fig leaves."—Butler's Post. Works, vol. 1, p. 97. Ed. 1716.

Many characteristic touches are to be found in various other parts of his works; and among them the truth of the following passages will be readily acknowledged:

With face and fashion to be known,  
 With eyes all white, and many a groan,  
 With neck awry, and snivelling tone,  
 And handkerchief from nose new blown,  
 And loving cant to sister Joan,  
 'Tis a new teacher about the town,  
 Oh! the town's new teacher.  
 With cozening laugh, and hollow cheek  
 To get new gatherings every week,



With paltry sense as man can speak,  
With hums and haws when stuff's to seek,  
'Tis a new teacher, &c.

While with antick gestures he doth gape and grin,  
The sisters admire, and he wheedles them in,  
Who to cheat their husbands think it no sin,  
'Tis a new teacher, &c. *Ibid*, vol. 2. p. 238.

There is another sketch in the same spirit.

What's he that if he chance to hear  
A little piece of common prayer  
Doth think his conscience wounded,  
Will go five miles to preach and pray,  
And meet a sister by the way?

O such a rogue's a roundhead. *Ibid*. vol. 1. p. 218.

But here the writer enters farther into the mysteries of the elect, than we can with modesty venture to follow: his description is too faithful to be delicate. Gross licentiousness and sensuality are indeed the most prominent features of fanaticism: the elect first practise on the weakness of their female votaries, and then govern them by the passions which they have excited. By their diabolical arts, they transport their victims into a delirium of possession, illumination, and supernatural converse, and having wrought them up to such violence of enthusiasm and agitation that nature faints under the struggle, the pseudo-saint seizes the opportunity of accomplishing his infamous triumph. That such things have been often done, has been proved by the testimony of those, who have had strength enough to recover from their infatuation, and the boldness to denounce the villainies of those that had deluded them: but in general the saints have too much power over their novices to suffer them to betray the secrets of their communion, and from the elect there

is no hope of the truth being forced by their horror of vice.

The next portrait we shall give of the dear people is by the witty Tom Brown. It is contained in his *Walk round London and Westminster*, a work displaying infinite fancy, and abounding with most instructive and entertaining remarks on the manners and character of the age in which he lived.

“ A strange sort of noise drew us in to take a view of the godly : for the godly in this city afford an amusement as well as the wicked. This is the epitome of the whole kirk ; and by this one you may judge of the rest. Here sits a zealous cobbler next to an alderman’s fellow, and he uses less ceremony with his God than his customer ; for to the latter he stands bare-headed for sixpence ; but to the former will not do it for salvation, believing, perhaps, that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, or that being necessarily one of the elect, he is too familiar with God to stand upon ceremony. Here sits a holy sister full of spiritual pride in her face, the word of God in her hands, the parson in her eye, and the devil in her heart : she pays her quarterage justly and that makes her *recta in curia* with her guide ; for a saint may make bold with her husband’s bed for her gallant, provided she make as bold with his purse for her preacher ; nor can they be much accused, if their doctrine of predestination be true, for, *they needs must go whom the devil drives*. Necessity has no law, and if they offend, ’tis the fault of the first mover, whose machines they are, so that if they pick a pocket, betray their trust, bear false witness, commit adultery, incest, &c. the fault’s not theirs, they are but mere passives, and what they cannot help, they cannot suffer for.

“ Here they kill two birds with one stone, get the repu-

tation of saints, and the pleasure of sinners ; the meeting is their spiritual exchange, where they barter hypocrisy for pleasure or profit ; and they are able to keep their countenances, though the cheat be universal. It was said by Cicero, that he wondered how the augurs could meet without laughing in one another's faces ; the same reason would make one wonder as much at the top fanatics, but that use and interest remove the difficulty, and a natural sowness and slavish temper make it easy. Though they are enemies to the Lord's prayer, they make it up in their zeal for those of David, and here the form goes down as glibly in their bawling which they call singing, as aloes pills in the pulp of an apple. This shews, that if they are enemies to the church music, it is because it is harmony ; whereas there is a sort of jarring medley of sounds not much unlike the laudable diversion of every one in the company singing a different song : nay, they have so peculiar a gusto for discord or odd sounds, that I believe they would admit the symphony of the tongs and key, though they reject the organ. Every thing here indeed, seems so odd and contradictory to the rest of the world, ' as if,' as Hudibras has it ; ' they worshipped God for spite : ' though the ingenious Butler seems a little out in one of his words ; for they do not worship God at all but the teacher. Here they meet to hear Daniel lay about him with his merry stories and theatrical actions. When he has done his harangue to the congregation, he begins one to God, with whom he is as familiar as with his text, and handles him as roughly, and with as little respect to his truth and majesty ; he thinks that God is obliged to hear all his nonsense, and so speaks, *quicquid in buccam venerit*, whatever starts into his fancy, to amuse his congregation, and make a noise, for that is all I can discover in these meeting houses.



“ The odd looks, the groans that echo one another, some with their hats on, others off, some writing, some ogling the women, some the teacher; his merry postures and pop-gun way of delivery, with the whimsical medley of his words is I confess an amusement. Bigotry in the congregation, and impudence in the holder forth, will palm inspiration upon us. As for what he says beyond, or of his text, which he often racks as much as the tyrants of old did the primitive martyrs, till it die under the torture, it is all the idlest gabble in the world. But this brings in money, and money buys land, and land they all desire, in spite of their hypocritical cant. If it were not for the quarterly contributions, there would be no longer any schism or separation: for who can imagine, that when two or three thousand are maintained like gentlemen by the breach, that they will ever preach up healing doctrines, and dispose them to union? if it were not for the sake of earthly comforts, they would not be so conversant with heaven in their pulpits; but heaven is their traffic, and why should they spare a commodity which costs them nothing, yet brings in so good a return?” *Brown's Works*, vol. 3, p. 13, 1708.

We might multiply extracts from our own writers to shew that in this country the character of the Methodist has preserved one undeviating line of villany cloaked in a garb of sanctified hypocrisy, but we trust that of this truth our readers are already satisfied: it would be neither agreeable to them nor to us to multiply objects of disgust; one snake or one toad is a sufficient specimen of the class of reptiles to which it belongs. We shall therefore content ourselves with exhibiting the portrait of foreign methodism, as drawn by the masterly hand of QUEVEDO: and we single him out from among many writers of other countries whom we might have quoted for this purpose,

because, as he wrote in Spain, we might shew that in the most superstitious country in Europe, the saints are characterized by the same vices, and the same pretensions to superior sanctity.

“Where are the hypocrites,” says the grave Spaniard, “that turn devotion into interest, and make a revenue of a commandment? That pretend ecstasy when they are drunk; and utter the fumes and dreams of their luxury and tittle for revelations? That make chapels of their parlours; preachments of their ordinary entertainments; and every thing they do is a miracle.” *Quevedo's Visions*, p. 314, ed. 6. 1678.

On his journey to the devil, he perceives them travelling by a path which they pretended led to heaven: but he indignantly exposes their sanctified deceit and secret licentiousness.

“I observed,” says he, “a great many people afar off in a by-path, with as much contrition and devotion in their looks and gestures as ever I saw in men. They walked shaking their heads, and lifting up their hands to heaven, and they had most of them large ears. These thought I are a people of singular integrity and strictness of life, above their fellows: but coming nearer we found them to be hypocrites, and that though they'd none of our company upon the road, they would not fail to meet us at our journey's end. Fasting, repentance, prayer, mortifications and other holy duties which are the exercise of good christians in order to their salvation, are but a kind of probation to these men to fit them for the devil. They were followed by a number of devotees and holy sisters, that kiss the skirts of their garments all the way they went, but whether out of zeal spiritual or natural is hard to say.—I think there was more of the flesh than of the spirit in the case, some would be drawing a thread now

and then out of the holy man's garment to make a relique of. Others would cut out large snips as if they had a mind to see them naked. Some again desired they would remember them in their prayers; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the devil by a third person. Some prayed for good matches for their daughters: others begged children for themselves, and sure the husband that allows his wife to ask children abroad will be so civil as to take them home when they are given him. In fine, these hypocrites may for awhile perchance impose upon the world, and delude the multitude; but no mask or disguise is proof against the all-piercing eye of the Almighty.

"These went apart, and were looked upon neither fish or flesh nor good red-herring. They wore the name of christians; but they had neither the wit nor the honesty of pagans. For they content themselves with the pleasures of this life because they know no better; but the hypocrite, that is instructed both in the life temporal and eternal, lives without either comfort in the one or hope in the other, and takes more pains to be damned, than a good christian does to compass his salvation." *Quevedo's Visions*, p. 177.

The don visits them in hell, where he finds them among the lowest of the damned. He represents the devil as possessing a higher sense of religious duty than these impudent fanatics. "My next visit," says he, "was to the impertinent devotees; whose very prayers are made up of impiety and extravagance. Oh, what sighing was there, and sobbing, groaning and whining! Their tongues were tied upto a perpetual silence, their souls drooping, and their ears condemned to hear eternally the hideous cries, and reproaches of a wheazing devil, greeting them after this manner: Oh, ye impudent and profane abusers of



prayer and holy duties, that treat the Lord of heaven and earth in his own house with less respect than ye would do a merchant upon the change, sneaking into a corner with your execrable petitions, for fear of being overheard by your neighbours; and yet without any scruple at all, ye can expose and offer them up to that eternal purity."

*Quevedo's Visions, p. 239.*

And now having hung up our portraits, we leave it to the public to comment on their merits, and to decide on the spirit and fidelity of the likeness.

TO THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL OF THE  
ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

LETTER II.

GENTLEMEN,

That the statement, which I had lately the honour to submit to your consideration, should excite your astonishment, was naturally to be expected; and I therefore learned, without surprise, that many of you should have doubted the correctness of my formulæ. It is yet in your power, however, to submit their accuracy to the test of synthetical experiment, and on this ground, and this alone, I rest my claims to your future confidence.

Of the ensuing formulæ, many have been copied from the "recipe book" of a wholesale druggist; some have been received from an experimental chemist of considerable eminence; and the rest have been determined by my own trials and observations. That they are of such a nature as to justify a public appeal to your corporate au-

thority, is too evident to be disputed; and that the public will ascribe your inactivity to other motives than a mere disbelief of the existence of such abuses, is, I trust, a sufficient apology for this second intrusion on your time and patience.

It ought to be observed, that all the articles composing any of the formulæ, are supposed to be genuine, and that the respective compounds are sold in the shops, as the simple, or authorised articles of which they bear the names.

BALSAM OF GILEAD.

R. Balsam of Canada, ℥ 1.  
Essence of Lemon,  
Oil of Juniper, *each* oz. 1.

BALSAM OF PERU.

R. Balsam of Peru, oz. 3.  
Yellow Resin,  
Oil of Turpentine, *each* oz.  $\frac{1}{2}$ .

BALSAM OF COPAIBA (*for Apothecaries*).

R. Balsam of Copaiba, ℥ 14.  
Amber ————— ℥ 7.  
Common Oil of Olives, ℥ 5.

Or, (*for Apothecaries*.)

R. Balsam of Copaiba, ℥ 12.  
Yellow Resin, ℥ 4.  
Best Oil of Olives, ℥ 8.

Or, (*for Retail Customers*)

R. Yellow Resin, ℥ 1.  
Common Oil of Olives, ℥  $\frac{1}{2}$ .  
Oil of Turpentine, ℥ 1. M.

N. B. This recipe includes none of the genuine balsam. It may be coloured with alkanet root.

Or, LASTLY, (*for Country Practitioners and Druggists*)

- R. Balsam of Copaiba, ℥ 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ .  
Common Oil of Olives, ℥ 1.  
Gum Thus, oz. 4.

CINNABAR, OF VERMILION, (*for Apothecaries*).

- R. Cinnabar, (the *Hydrargyrus Sulphuratus ruber*), ℥ 1.  
Red Lead, ℥ 2.

In a similar manner red and white precipitate, with other metallic oxyds, may be adulterated.

In my former article, I mentioned MUSK as being usually adulterated with *powdered* honey: i. e. honey thickened with flour till it be of the consistence of dough:—the subsequent formula is, however, more general as well as more ingenious.

- R. Powdered Cocoa-Nut, ℥ 1.  
Musk, ℥  $\frac{1}{4}$ .  
Honey, q. s. M.

OIL OF JUNIPER.

- R. Oil of Juniper, oz. 4.  
Turpentine, oz. 12. M.

OIL OF ORIGANUM.

- R. Oil of Rosemary, ℥ 1.  
Rectified Spirit of Wine, ℥ 2. M.  
Alkanet Root, (*sufficient to colour*).

OIL OF MACE. The general reader will require to be informed that the oil of mace, for which the following composition is sold as a substitute, ought to be expressed without addition, in the same manner as oil of linseed, from the spice itself.

- R. Suet, ℥ 12.  
Oil of olives, ℥ 3.



Bees wax, ℥ ½.

Oil of cloves, oz. 3.

Essence of Lemons, oz. ¼.

Turmeric and alkanet sufficient to colour.

**POWDER OF JALAP**, (the most common recipe).

R. Powdered Jalap, ℥ 3.

—— Bryony, ℥ 2.

—— Black hellebore, ℥.

**POWDER OF RED TIN**, is always substituted by finely sifted pewter dust.

**SPIRIT OF LAVENDER.**

R. Bruised pimento, oz. 6.

Red sanders, oz. 8.

Oil of tartar, oz. ¼.

Proof spirit, 1 gallon.

It is singular that this tincture of Jamaica pepper and red sanders is scarcely distinguishable in its sensible properties, from the genuine medicine; notwithstanding the ingredients and the mode of employing them are so different.

**VENICE TURPENTINE.**

R. Black resin, ℥ 4.

Oil of turpentine, ℥ 10.

**STRASBURG TURPENTINE.**

R. Black resin, ℥ 4.

Oil of turpentine, ℥ 2 ½.

—— rosemary, oz. 1.

**CHIAN TURPENTINE.**

R. Canadian balsam, oz. 10.

Oil of turpentine, oz. 3.

Yellow resin, oz. 8.

ELIXIR OF VITRIOL, (*for apothecaries*).

R. Oil of vitriol, oz. 4.

Proof spirit, a quart.

Red sanders, sufficient to colour.

Or (*for retail customers*).

R. Water, oz. 4.

Oil of vitriol, oz. 1.

Logwood chips, sufficient to colour.

You will observe, gentlemen, that in the preceding formulæ, I have designated the various articles by those names under which they are most generally known; and that I have only transcribed such recipes as apply to actual substitution and adulteration. In my next letter I shall present you with such recipes as differ from those of the pharmacopeia in the omission of important articles, or in the variation from the prescribed proportions. In this arrangement nearly all the tinctures and ointments will necessarily be included.

At a future period, likewise, I shall take the liberty of calling your attention to the slovenly and inattentive mode in which your prescriptions are prepared, and to the extortions that are practised by the compounders of medicines, not only on the affluent and hypochondriac, but on the victims of poverty, and on the objects of your gratuitous advice.

Of the importance of the subject on which I now address you, I have before expressed myself in terms, that cannot be misunderstood; and I trust that there will be no necessity for a repetition of my sentiments. The skill of the physician, and the researches of the student must be vain while the present abuses continue to exist: improvements in your pharmacopeia are *empty nothings*, while the original intention of that pharmacopeia is hourly defeated by the avarice or ignorance of those to whom the compo-

sition of your prescriptions is committed; and little credit *will* be given to your other exertions for the relief and preservation of your fellow creatures while an evil so dangerous, so glaring, and so immediately dependent on you for its *abolition* or *correction* remains UNABOLISHED and UNCORRECTED.

Somerset-street,  
Portman-square,  
Feb. 19, 1810.

I remain, Gentlemen,  
Your's faithfully,  
A MEDICAL STUDENT.

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### W. R. H. BROWN'S DEFENCE.

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WHEN we spoke last month \* of the investigation, in consequence of which the projector, W. R. H. Brown, found it necessary to resign his situation as chairman of the Hope Insurance Company, we conceived that we should have no occasion to add any thing to our former arguments on the subject, since the measure, which we had laboured to prove necessary, had already taken place. But, as it has been thought advisable, by him, to publish what he terms '*a plain statement of facts*,' with a view to remove '*any prejudice* which may have been occasioned, and which, for want of a *proper* explanation, might still exist, in consequence of the proceedings of *some* † of the proprietors at the general meeting in November, we could not, in common fairness, pass over his defence unnoticed, even though it did not, as unfortunately for him it does, supply a complete confirmation of every statement which we have advanced on the subject.

It may be as well, however, to turn first to the report

\* See page 359.

† By *some* are to be understood so *many*, that the projector found it necessary to resign in consequence of their disapprobation.



of the committee appointed, by the proprietors, to investigate Mr. Brown's accounts. It appears, that upon the first arrangement of the accounts of the company, it was found that a considerable number of shares had been issued by Mr. Brown, more than he had accounted for: the fact was so palpable that he could not deny it; but averred that the money for these shares had not been received by him. He was, however, charged in the books of the company, with the deficiency, £643 Ss. 5d. Sometime afterwards it was discovered that this sum *had been transferred from his debit, and placed to the account of general expences chargeable upon the capital stock.* This discovery naturally excited alarm in the minds of some of the directors. Mr. Brown was again reminded of the deficit in his account, and required to make it good: but he merely repeated his former assertion, that he was not aware that he had received any such sum of money, and therefore did not consider himself accountable for it. The directors offered to name a distant day for the consideration of the subject, and to assist him in the investigation; but he objected to the enquiry altogether, though repeatedly pressed on the subject, as necessary to his own credit as well as the interest of the establishment to be finally arranged. At a meeting of proprietors, therefore, called in consequence of this refusal, a committee was appointed to investigate the accounts of the company.

Previous, however, to the first meeting of the committee, Mr. Brown, alarmed probably by the danger of expulsion and forfeiture, to which, according to a clause in the deed of settlement, he had rendered himself liable, transmitted to the directors a draft for the amount of the balance; reserving to himself the delivery of six thousand shares, which remained in the office unclaimed, for the purpose, as he said, of discovering whether any of them

were unpaid for; by which means he was certain the *seeming error*, as he called it, in his account must have been occasioned. This was certainly an ingenious mode of deferring conviction; but the committee, to whom this letter was submitted, were not to be thus deluded. Upon examination they found that every one of these six thousand unclaimed shares had been paid for, and reported; therefore, that the deficiency "must have arisen from Mr. Brown's *not having paid* to the trustees of the company the *whole* of the monies, which *he, or his agents had received* from the proprietors.\*" Upon proceeding farther to ascertain this fact, they found that, previous to the time when the funds of the company were invested in the hands of trustees, Mr. Brown had opened an account on behalf of the company with Messrs. Robarts; and they also found that there had been some drafts drawn from the cash there kept, the appropriation of which they could not trace in the books of the company. They required, therefore, of Mr. Brown an account of all monies received by him on account of the institution, from its commencement to the time when the funds were vested in the hands of the trustees. This requisition, it appears, put him a good deal out of temper. He talked in his answer of 'the politeness due from one *gentleman* to another;' of 'his feelings having been wounded by calumny, prejudice, and misrepresentation;' wondered how 'they could *presume* to call upon him for an account already settled;' and in the end gave no explanation with which the committee could be satisfied. They therefore again repeated their demand, which was again evaded; so that they felt themselves obliged to make a more peremptory requisition than they had hitherto done; to

which Mr. Brown replied by altogether denying their authority, and stated it to be his fixed determination to resist their demand; and if this did not please them they might do as they liked. The committee now, therefore, as they state in their report, "felt that an effectual bar was placed against the further prosecution of their labours:" and they concluded with giving it as their opinion "that the sum of £643 8s. 5d. *was due* to the company from Mr. Brown; though they had no proofs of the fact, owing to his having refused to produce the documents necessary to afford such proof;" but they had *proofs* that this deficiency did not arise from any *error* in the share account, as stated by Mr. Brown, but must have originated in the account of monies received by him, amounting in the total to £41,911, the particulars of which he had refused to furnish, and without which the accounts of the company are incomplete."

This report was submitted to a meeting of more than six hundred proprietors; and so very unequivocal was the expression of their sentiments respecting Mr. Brown, and their opinion of his refusal to have his accounts examined, that he thought it expedient to *decline any further concern in the direction of the affairs of the company.*

Now such being the facts of the case, let us see the *proper explanation*, published by Mr. Brown, with a view to remove any *prejudice* to which these circumstances may have given rise. He states that at the first issue of the shares of the company, there was so much hurry and bustle, and confusion, that a great number of mistakes unavoidably occurred; that all those, who received shares did not pay for them; and yet upon the bare supposition that all the shares which had been issued had been paid for, he was charged inequitably by the directors with the amount. Now according to his own account, the direc-



tors at the time of this transaction, had so high a sense of his merit, that they did not even know how they should adequately reward it. It is not therefore very credible that they should have charged him a balance, of the correctness of which they were not well satisfied. Besides, what could create all this confusion, of which he speaks, when it seems that every one who applied for shares must have come prepared with a letter from Mr. Brown, with his number of shares regularly allotted to him: for when he has occasion to state the services which entitled him to the remuneration of £3,000, he says, that, "in order to give some idea of the immense labour and trouble he experienced, it is worthy of remark, that he actually perused and answered *eight thousand* letters, by allotting shares to those only whom he thought most likely to answer the purposes of the company." If this means any thing, it must mean that he allotted the shares to such persons as he knew were not likely to scramble for as many as they could get without paying for them. Indeed his general charge, that a number of shares had been issued which had not been paid for, is an insult to the whole body of the proprietors; but this point has been set completely at rest by the report of the committee.

It is not a little curious, however, that the very circumstance which he complains of as a hardship, namely, that of being debited with this balance, he should now point out as proof that there "never could have been an intention or possibility on his part of depriving the company of its just due, as his enemies have dared to insinuate."—It is at all events a proof afforded most unwillingly by himself; and what becomes of it when this same balance is transferred from Mr. Brown's account to that of expences chargeable upon the capital stock, where among a number of items it might pass unnoti-

ced, and Mr. Brown be thus relieved from all further responsibility? How and by whom was this clandestine transfer made? "Mr. Brown *declares* that *at the time* the same was effected, he *knew nothing* about it, nor *by whose order* it was done; and as he is only answerable for his own acts, and not for those of others, *any further observation upon this point is obviously unnecessary.*"— Now it happens to be on this very point that observation is most obviously necessary: and if Mr. Brown could have explained it satisfactorily, it would have been of more service to him in the removal of prejudices, than all the votes of thanks by the directors which he has subjoined to his circular letter. He says that *at the time* the transfer was made, he knew nothing about it; nor by whose order it was done. Does not he equivocate upon the word? Will any one believe that the transfer was made absolutely without his knowledge? If he really believed that the deficit was occasioned by any errors in the issuing of the shares, surely a man possessing such indefatigable activity as to peruse and answer eight thousand letters in a few weeks, might have found time enough in the course of two years to investigate the matter: nor was it quite consistent with his professions of zeal for the good of the company, to consent, by thus smothering enquiry, to relinquish what was at all events a debt due to the proprietors, whoever might turn out eventually to be the debtor. But as Mr. Brown says, any further observation is obviously unnecessary: the inference to be drawn is too palpable. There cannot be the least doubt that the committee are correct in their opinion that the balance was due from Mr. Brown. He might have relieved himself from the payment, if he would have submitted his accounts to investigation; which supplied the only means of fixing the debt on the

right person : as he persisted in refusing this, he has no reason to wonder and less right to complain if his conduct has excited even a worse opinion of him than he deserves.

With respect to the mode by which he obtained from the directors the sum of £3,000 for having projected the company, there is not a syllable in his present defence to controvert what we before advanced on the subject ; and to that therefore upon the present occasion we refer our readers. He says it was not his *desire* that the clause in the deed which empowered the directors to remunerate him, should be kept secret from the proprietors ; but he has not attempted to deny that it was *purposely* omitted in the abstract, which he had circulated as containing a *full* account of every particular of the deed by which the interests of the subscribers were to be regulated. He has not attempted to give any reason why this clause, and this *only* was omitted. So far even were the directors themselves from being unanimous as to the propriety of remunerating\* him, that according to his own account, they had four different meetings on the subject, before they came to a final determination.

Mr. Brown concludes his defence by offering to any *respectable* proprietor that will call on him, any further explanation that may be required : for our own parts we profess ourselves to be perfectly satisfied already, and we venture to say that every *respectable* proprietor is equally so. If it were not our object, in thus laying the practices of

\* Squire Brown says that “ were such remunerations withheld from *inventors*, the liberal and mechanical *arts* would not make the progress annually experienced.” We should be glad to know among what species of *arts* he classes his various projects.



this man before the public, to shew the dangerous character of projectors, and if there were not more in his conduct to excite our indignation than our mirth, his ill-humour and worse English might afford us excellent amusement. This *Squire* is as pettish and spiteful as a girl that has lost her doll, and has no more respect for grammar than a cockney man-milliner. He is in truth very sore, so let the galled jade wince—we have done with him.



## LITERARY FUND.

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HOWEVER, Mr. Satirist, your readers may differ from you in political sentiment, there appears a pretty universal agreement in this particular, you have ever encouraged the investigation of management and of abuses, whatever parties or bodies of men may have been therein implicated, and your success in the instruction and benefit of the public, has, thus far, been considerable. Witness your correction of the dangerous profligacy of certain individuals of the upper rank, and exposure of the atrocious and undermining frauds of that most execrably hypocritical faction, the METHODISTS. The letter of an *Old Subscriber* in a late Number on the subject of the Literary Fund, is a new proof of vigilance in that duty to the public, which you have prescribed to yourself. On that subject I beg permission to offer my mite.

I really did not see, or even hear of those two late appeals in the public prints to the charity of the public, in behalf of authors in extreme necessity, which your liberal correspondent has noticed, but I have heard of

late years, many whispers unfavourable to the management of the Literary Fund, an institution to which I had ever been partial, more particularly on account of a number of subscribers, whom I knew to be gentlemen of the most liberal feelings, and of the most patriotic intentions. On such account it is, that both myself and several noblemen and gentlemen have deferred to subscribe, until something satisfactory should transpire. Indeed various enquiries have been made, and a letter or two have appeared with that view, in some of the magazines: application also has either been or is intended to be made to an illustrious patron of the fund, the draught of which was submitted to my inspection, and had my fullest approbation.

The grand objection to the late conduct of the managers of the fund, I understand to be as follows. It is asserted that they are proceeding in the usual course of all corporations, whose constant object ever seems to be to accumulate money and funds for purposes of influence and aggrandizement, rather than the promotion of those ends for which the property was originally subscribed. Thus it has fared with nearly all our public charities, to the emolument of the institution, rather than the support and benefit of the poor, the rightful proprietors. It is averred, that in proportion to the richness of the Literary Fund, derived from Indian bequests, &c. has been their economy and unwillingness to support the literature of the country, their bounden duty, and that a vast increase of means has had no other effect than the desire of accumulating three per cent. consols, under the pretence of being enabled to grant *annuities*;---to whom?---to the grandchildren, peradventure, of the present race of laborious and necessitous men of letters!

It has likewise been remarked with a degree of rational foresight, that a rich and consequently powerful fund, such as seems to be meditated by the managers, may be in time converted into an engine, most dangerous to the freedom of the press. So intent have these managers been upon raising the fund to as great consequence as possible, that they advertised in the last year, an additional and novel subscription, for the exclusive use of the poor clergy. Had such a scheme been attended to, no doubt but the company's joint stock in the funds, might have received a weighty addition; I believe, however, it was very properly and universally rejected.

Either during the last or previous year, I saw a letter on this subject in some one of the monthly publications, which on enquiry I found was written by \* \* \* \* Esq. M. P. for ———. It complained of a want of delicacy in the distribution of the charities of the fund, and of the smallness of the sums given; frequently so small indeed, as, in times like the present, to reflect disgrace on both the givers and receivers. I have myself heard of several examples of gross indelicacy, one or two particularly from witnesses. A gentleman engaged through the best part of life, in laborious and useful studies, for which the inconstant favour of the public never afforded him and his family bread, was bluntly told, on receiving his first and small bounty from the Literary Fund, that he must not come again, for that the fund could not notice his farther applications! Now I apprehend that the subscribers to this fund, and the public generally, have ever understood it as intended for the permanent encouragement of the meritorious and constant literary labourers, who are to look up to it as an occasional support, to which they may have recourse without shame, or the sense of any degrad-



ing or improper obligation. There has been, moreover, an instance of a treatment so gross, illiberal, and in fact contrary to every sentiment of propriety and good manners, that I am persuaded, should it ever come before the public, it will excite as much general disgust as it has already in those private circles wherein it has been related. The two following instances came to me, at the time they happened, from a gentleman present; applications of distress were made to the fund, but some went empty away, because the managers had expended all the money in hand, in the purchase of stock!! A certain gentleman had applied and had probably, in his application, hinted, that his particular pressure was the want of a sum to go towards the payment of his debts. Some person present exclaimed, O, give him four or five pounds that he may enjoy himself: it is a farce to think of an author paying his debts! An illiberality one would scarcely have expected from a subscriber to the Literary Fund. To another, in whose favour it was urged, that he had engaged much of his time in an investigation of much consequence to the public---the reply was---does he then expect the fund to be at the risk of his speculations? A reply indeed in the true commercial, but not at all in the liberal spirit of science and literature; for surely, there cannot be a more proper application of the funds of the society, than the patronage and encouragement of men who are engaged in those branches of science, which necessarily take up much of their time and labour, and the reward of which must be both uncertain and slow.

In fine, Sir, I cannot help being convinced, on mature deliberation, that the management of the Literary Fund has taken a direction, in a very important degree,

contrary to the intention of the subscribers, who have advanced their money, not on any speculative plan for the benefit of posterity, but for the immediate use of meritorious and distressed *living* authors, and that I can scarcely think any other than the latter application, legal and allowable.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

A hearty well-wisher to your

honest exertions, and

your very obedient servant,

PHILO-LITERÆ.

*St. James's Street,*

*March 21st, 1810.*

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MAY-DAY.

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FRIEND SAT.

I am a chimney-sweeper : none the worse for that I hope, nor less welcome. You wear a red coat, and I a black one, that's all the odds : and I don't know that your's wasn't black once, only turn'd red now, mayhap, somewhat like a lobster with boiling. But be that as 't will, as I know you love the cloth, I have made bold to send you these few lines in black and white, against the next time, that you shew your jolly red face to the town ; which, as I take it, is upon May-Day, and that you know is our gala-day.

I must tell you that some ill-disposed persons have been trying of late to run down our profession, and make us look little, as if we were of no use, and could be done very well without. And the best of the joke is,

they pretend as they do it out of kindness to us, and general love to mankind: they will starve us outright for fear the soot should give us the cholic. Thank 'em for nothing say we: but we smoke 'em: this is some of their reforming tricks. This is one of their ways of saving human labour, as they call it; that is taking the work out of the hands of the poor, and giving it all to a parcel of conjuring contrivances that ought not to be suffered in a Christian country: for I'll never believe but most part of these engines are the works of the devil. Why there's more hands than work to employ them already; and what can they think of themselves, then, that try to make the work less? What are the poor to do, when they have no work? Employ their minds, say the reforming gentlefolk. Hah! it is very fine talking. I know my thoughts would not be very pleasant when my belly was empty; my mind is never so well employed as over a good beef steak, and a pot of porter, and a pipe afterwards when I can get it; as I have now, and so here's health to you, Master Sat.! and success to trade.

A fine rigmarole, indeed, to talk of pullies and brushes, and the devil knows what to keep climbing boys out of the chimnies. Why the corporation of chimney-sweepers have a right to climb, and where is the man that will keep them down? Many great men have got up in the world by fouler ways than we do, let me say, and I could prove it too if there was need. And then all the cant about the hardship of the business; just as if it was not as natural to a young chimney-sweep to climb a chimney, as for an eel to be skinned. It is all a pretence to cheat us of our birthright; for I maintain that smoke is our birthright; though it has been encroached on of late by the gas light gentry. But we don't mind them: we know that they will be properly smoked, as soon as ever a right



light is thrown upon their concern. But there was an affront attempted to be put upon us some time since, that we couldn't stomach: do you know that **BILL BROWN** the notorious projector, that was turned out of the **HOP** a little while ago, had the impudence to talk of forming us into an association,\* and putting himself at our head? This was a little too bad, you will allow; and so we would not stand it.—It is all very well, you know, Master Sat, when a gentleman, that is somebody offers to give one his countenance and that; but when a chap no better than one's self gives himself airs of patronage, and so forth, it is time to let him know who he is, and who he is talking to.

And so having thought upon all these things, we have resolved to let the world see that we are not quite such miserable objects as some take us for. We determined that our May-day dance should be in style. We had some thoughts of sending our young fry to the new dancing academy at the Opera house; only we were afraid that their morals might be corrupted: so we resolved to go ourselves to some evening academy where grown gentlemen and ladies are taught to dance, and when we had learnt to foot it a little, we could teach the young ones afterwards. A score of us from the different districts were deputed for this purpose; and I was one amongst them.

I soon settled terms with the dealer in hops; and agreed to sweep his chimnies for a twelvemonth, for half a dozen lessons. When our company was all assembled, we made up a genteel set I assure you, and so we ordered in pipes and porter to refresh us between the heats, and then to work we went. We should have had prime music, only the fidler had got the rheumatics

\* This we know was one of Squire Brown's projects.

in his left hand, so he could not finger quite so handsomely as should be. But however as we did not mind the music much, that made no odds. The ball was opened by young master Barbarossa, the famous wig-maker, with your old flame Miss Laura Pearce the convenient staymaker; and to be sure they did foot it in and out, and shake their toes in a most handsome style.

Then there was a burly-faced contractor waddling down with a little tight straw-hat builder, one of the prime genteel ones: I contrived to get her for a partner myself after the old one was blown. But there was one thing I must mention to you while I think on't: A young sucking Cobbett that had been *examining* our dancing for some time, tried to cut capers in a hornpipe by himself, but he could not *hunt* out the figure on't for the soul of him, and his conceit and awkwardness made us all laugh so that he thought himself well off, I fancy, when he was got out of the company. There was beside some very prime ladies from the private theatres and gentlemen from the debating society; but I warrant, Master Sat, you are up to all this, and so what is the use of my telling you.

But there is one thing do you know, MASTER SAT, that troubles us; and that is in respect to our garlands. What is the reason that the leaves are so long being produced this spring? There is some corruption in this, I believe. Why is not the ministry, or at least the keeper of the forests called upon to account for this, eh? What are the opposition about, that they have not taken the matter up? Ah, its bad times, FRIEND SAT, when corruption spreads not only from the root to the branches, but even to the leaves.

Yours to sweep,

Chimney Corner.

BEN BAG.

## REVIEW OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

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FIAT JUSTITIA !

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*The Real State of France in the Year 1809; with an Account of the Treatment of Prisoners of War, and Persons otherwise detained in France.* By Charles Sturt, Esq. Resident in France before the war, and detained nearly seven years as a Hostage. 8vo. pp. 168. Ridgway.

THERE is no opinion so impregnable, or so difficult to be eradicated as a *wilful unbelief*; this *sensation*, for *sentiment* it cannot be called, stands firm against reasoning or against facts; the one it will not listen to, the other it either denies, or attempts to gloss over. "They have Moses and the prophets," says the scripture when speaking of the Jews, "neither will they believe one should he come from the dead;" thus do our *modern patriots* disbelieve every thing told against the enemy of their country, or at least endeavour to make others do so. We have already noticed in our last number the *patriotic unbelief* of a pamphlet published in America respecting the state of France; but here they have the testimony of their own countryman, a man of honour and probity, and who has himself been not only an eye witness of, but a sufferer under, the very evils he delineates. We can easily sympathize with Mr. Sturt, and participate in that feeling which must have struck him forcibly, when, on landing



in his native country, he found himself justified in saying : " It is Englishmen in general, that I wish to see set right with regard to Buónaparte, *to hear whom praised and admired, I am sorry to observe, one must come to England.*" He declares in his address, that he is astonished to find that an opinion seems to be gaining ground, that France is an happy nation, that the people are contented, and that arts, agriculture, and internal commerce are flourishing. To do away these idle impressions is then his object, and we should be extremely happy if our limits would permit us to go more at large, than we cando, into his details.

In opposition to that *insulting candour* which distinguishes some of our self called whigs, he denies those personal qualities to Bonaparte, which some of his friends here claim for him ; he repeats the anecdote of his pusillanimous conduct when *Lucien* and *not he* overturned the directory, and also notices his frantic behaviour after *he had lost the battle of Marengo*, which was recovered by the arrival of Dessaix with ten thousand men. " I have heard it declared," says Mr. Sturt, " by many officers who were in that battle, that Dessaix *did not receive his mortal wound from an enemy.*" The fact was, " he had censured Bonaparte for his conduct, in terms harsh and violent, and immediately charging the Austrians, recovered the lost battle."

At Asperne, he again *lost his head*, and was perfectly frantic. " It was to Massena he then owed the safety of himself, his army, and his empire." His singular and dangerous illness afterwards we have all heard of, yet some have doubted ; Mr. Sturt, however, asserts, that there is not a well informed Frenchman, who does not know that he had been attacked with a malady called " catalipse," which leaves the patient in whatever atti-

tude he may be at the time, totally deprived of sight, of hearing, of speech, and of motion. In this state he was discovered by one of his favourites, and remained thus for several hours, deprived of every function of life, except that of breathing.

The statements which have been given to us of the internal distress of *regenerated* France, are fully confirmed by Mr. S. who observes that nothing can more strongly prove its poverty and wretchedness, than the state of both town and country. In great part of France, nothing is to be seen but magnificent chateaux, and numberless country houses in ruins; the gardens are divided and sold; the trees are cut down; and sometimes a wretched family may occupy a small part of a house once superb, but now without floors or windows and the rest falling fast to decay. In the villages and hamlets, are scenes even more distressing; for there the traveller can scarcely enter a cottage without seeing parents bewailing the loss of their sons, dragged to the armies and lost to them for ever. In the cultivated lands, none are to be seen employed but old and infirm men, and often old women, performing all the labours of agriculture.

That the general feeling of the population should be against Buonaparte, as his greatest victories serve only to render them more miserable, is not surprising; but, say the unbelievers, "if so, how comes it, that a revolution does not take place?"—This objection is well answered by Mr. S., who declares that all societies, all friendships are nearly dissolved by the system of *espionage*, which pervades the whole country, so that no man knows his friend from his enemy. "There is not a family in which there is not a spy, who communicates just what his caprice or malice may invent." He then notices the difficulty of forming any revolution under the system of terror

which is now universal, and asserts, with great plausibility, that if the tyranny, exercised by the government, were, if possible, ten times greater, still no plan could be formed with any chance of secrecy and success. As it may be supposed that no people would submit to such a horrid regime as he describes, he answers, "it is that regime that keeps down the spirit of the people."

But the most interesting, and at the same time the most *irritating*, part of this work is that which relates to the treatment to which our countrymen, aye and countrywomen too, are subjected in this den of tyranny. *Ex uno disce omnes.* We shall therefore go beyond our usual limits in an extract from page 129.

"The British females are exposed to the same brutal treatment; no indulgence is granted to their sex, and they receive only the same wretched allowance as the men. In the month of November, a young and beautiful woman, of respectable family, was confined in a fortress with nearly twelve or fourteen hundred of her countrymen, with two infants, and daily expecting her accouchement. There however she remained without a friend to assist her, unacquainted with the country, and exposed to hear every kind of blasphemy and obscenity. The French government, which vaunts so highly of its generosity and humanity, at this hour treats women in this shocking manner; no crime, no fault was alleged against this unfortunate young woman, except that of having frankly told the commandant, that she knew her husband intended to escape, and hoped he would arrive safe—he was a man whom the usurper had seized in a neutral and independent country since the war."

The cruelties inflicted, robberies perpetrated, impositions practised, and insults heaped upon our suffering countrymen in France, are much too numerous to give



even an example of each. Mr. Sturt indeed says that the *French nation* in general were friendly, and that the infamous conduct complained of was only the result of the orders of government, and of the diabolical passions of those who had the execution of them. We admire his candour, at the same time we cannot help thinking it rather strange that any government, even if it had the wish, should yet have the power of selecting such a multitude of villains for its purposes. Power put into any man's hands, indeed, is a dangerous temptation; but into a Frenchman's!—*We* have seen too much of them not to know that the partition between their cringing and their cruelty is thinner than a sheet of paper.

Under all these accumulated sufferings, these studied and unnecessary privations, there is a buoyancy, a fortitude, a national spirit displayed by the unfortunate victims, highly honourable to them as citizens of a free state; of a state which is now treating with kindness and hospitality fifty times the number of their oppressor's countrymen. We cannot end this review more appropriately than by inserting the whole of page 128 upon this subject.

“It is not to be wondered at, that such desperate attempts are so often made to escape, when it is considered that the prisoners have no prospect of an exchange, no hopes of a peace; that they are exposed to the most cruel and harsh treatment, confined in *sousterrains* sixty and seventy feet under ground, where the sun never can be seen, kept for weeks without fire, deprived of beds or covering, supplied with meat horrid in quality and deficient in quantity. It is this wanton cruelty that has almost broken their spirits, and made them give themselves up to despair. In the hope of finding an opportunity of escaping some enter into the service of a government they despise and hate. It is the hopes of eventually getting to

their native country, that prompts them to this step, not the smallest disaffection. I have witnessed their zeal and attachment to their country; never a birth-day of their sovereign, or their prince, that they did not rigidly remember, nor a victory their country gained that they did not celebrate. *The national spirit shewn by these brave men was the subject of admiration and surprize even to their tyrants!*" What Englishman enjoying the sweets of love and liberty, of security and of property, but must shudder at these representations! who indeed but these cold-blooded wretches, that in pursuance of a party question can lose sight of the welfare, the honour of their country, and the happiness of their countrymen—men who tremble at the operation of our *laws* and *privileges* against the pupils of anarchy, the agents of sedition, *perhaps from a consciousness of their own merits*; but who can find matter of praise and exultation in the conduct of those who deprive so many thousands of Englishmen and *Englishwomen* of personal liberty and of personal comfort, in defiance of every precept of God, every honourable feeling of the heart, every acknowledged law of nations, and every practice of civilized warfare.

*Reflections on the Abundance of Paper in circulation, and the Scarcity of Specie.* By Sir Philip Francis, K. B.

"Et nos quoque tela sparsimus."—Every body recollects the story of the sick lion: when every ass had a kick at him—so every opposition writer, whatever may be his subject, whether the emancipation of Gale Jones, or the incarceration of the Brentford Knight, whether the *unqualified* catholic emancipation of Lord Grenville's *speeches* or the *restricted* emancipation of his *letters*, whether the lamentable superabundance of credit in a few millions of

paper, in carrying on the affairs of government, or the deplorable scarcity of specie in carrying on his own, still concludes his ditty with the worn-out chorus of "*a change of ministry.*" But the lion is *not* sick, neither will the abuse nor the cajoling of the outs shorten their way to the treasury bench, whilst the ins have the confidence of their sovereign and of his people.

If the magnitude of any subject were to be measured by the magnitude of any work professedly and specifically written upon it, we should have judged the present one to have been of but small importance, as Sir Philip has not by his lucubrations on it, added much to the *quantity of paper* in circulation, going no further than forty-seven pages; but then, says the worthy knight, I write no more than what is dictated by common sense, and have nothing whatever to do with theory or *economistic* \* principles; so that he attempts not to dazzle us with the erratic coruscations of his electric genius, or to bewilder us by the faint glimmerings of his political will o' the wisp, but like the *Jupiter Tonans* of antiquity comes down souse upon us at once with the thunderbolt of bold assertion, and the very modest position that no man of common sense, or of *any sense at all*, can possibly deny any article in this new confession of faith.

It would perhaps be expecting too much to suppose that forty-seven pages of common sense can be written on any subject; we may therefore be excused for glancing at a few of those passages that are not too abundantly supplied with that article.

As an old adage says, "those who have glass windows should not throw stones," we were rather surprised to

\* We are obliged to coin a word, for modern *economies* are any thing but *economical*.



find this adventurous knight speaking of "writers, who do not know how to express themselves in direct terms and honest English," after he had himself in his second page said, "if it were possible *for me* to personify the British nation, and if I were at liberty to offer *my* humble advice to so great a person"—that is so great a person as *me* personifying the nation—"the first thing I should recommend to *him*," &c.—so that *me* should advise *him* and all the while *me* and *him* are the same person! that this is not what he means to express we will grant, but then it appears that there are more writers than he imagines, who cannot "express themselves in direct terms, or in honest English." We have thus reduced the pages of common sense to forty-six; let us therefore examine a little further.

There is nothing so easy as to ask questions; our author therefore requests to know "whether this kingdom, with many appearances to the contrary, be not essentially impoverished?" He waits not for an answer however, but boldly affirms that "it is in vain to argue with any man, who professes to think that a circulation of paper, not *convertible into specie*, and which may be increased *ad libitum* by those who issue it, is as sure a sign of wealth as specie itself, or at least answers all the purposes of gold and silver, as it certainly does some of them." Now if by this specification of paper, Sir Philip means *bank paper*, we will hint to him, that it cannot be increased *ad libitum*; and further that it is still convertible into *real wealth*, of which *specie* like *paper* is no more than the sign. If he means *every species* of circulating paper, we will hint to him, that a nation whose internal commerce is so great as ours, must always have an imaginary representation of wealth, not only greater than any quantity of gold that can possibly

be in circulation, but also differing from it, and consisting either of bank post bills, bills of exchange, or letters of credit. That nation whose coin answers *all* its purposes of circulation, must either have a large quantity of specie, or have very little internal commerce. Sir Philip indeed acknowledges these principles in the quotation, but then he unfortunately misapplies them.

We will join the worthy knight so far as to lament the *present* scarcity of cash; it is an evil of *no great novelty* with reviewers; we will grant him that much of it is exported both in bullion and in British coinage, yet still we must deny his conclusion, that this is an absolute proof of the balance of trade being against us. There are certainly great obstructions thrown in the way of our trade, yet we see that our manufacturers are all employed; there must therefore be a vent for their articles, though not in the regular way. But then here is a simple truth which this author has overlooked, and which takes away a considerable part of the argument respecting the *balance of trade*. In the present state of the Continent, their mutual intercourse is in a great measure cut off; so that it is not in the power of the British exporter when he sends goods to one part from which his imports are not equal to his exports thither, to obtain bills for the remainder or to transfer a credit to some other part whence his imports are greater. This in itself will naturally cause an exportation of money, even though the total balance of trade was actually in our favour, instead of being against us as he asserts; and this will serve to shew our politicians that what they consider as self-evident axioms, may change their appearance very much, when they are accurately examined.

As to the "depreciation of bank notes," Sir Philip pronounces on that subject too much *ex cathedra*; but

he allows himself to be led astray, by taking only a limited view of the comparative value of *bullion* and *bank notes*. He has recourse to the hacknied position, that now, if you wish to buy an ounce of gold, instead of 3l. 18s. the old price, you must pay at the rate of 4l. 10s. *in bank notes*; but then he forgets, we will not say wilfully, that you must pay 4l. 10s. per ounce whether you pay for it in *cash* or in paper, so that the mere increase of price in bullion, though it shews the scarcity of that article, is not in itself any proof of the depreciation of our paper currency.

To follow this bold author through all his assertions without proof, conclusions without reasoning, and parallels without analogy, would far exceed our limits, nay would require a review larger than the work itself; for all these evils however, like other quacks, we see he has got a panacea, a remedy which he himself acknowledges must either kill or cure—that is—a *change of ministry*! If we ourselves were partizans to those in power, we should be ashamed to look for any comparative support of their conduct, in the speechifications of Waithman, or the *illiterate* howlings of the Hampshire turncoat, yet we cannot help asking Sir P. F. and his friends, who is there in the nation that calls for a change of ministry *except themselves*?

We disclaim unqualified censure as much as we disdain unlimited praise; in our classical recollections, the first line of old *Æsop* stares us in the face, "*Gallus dum vertit stercorarium offendit gemmam*"—we too have discovered a jewel, and hope it will shine with double brilliancy as coming from the pen of Sir Philip Francis.

"As to parliamentary reform, I have tried it enough to be convinced that it never can be adopted on any



sound principle, that would at once be safe in its operation, and effective to its purpose. The people are well enough represented. The milk throws up the cream. No change in the form will mend the materials. I am sure you will find it, as I have done, a vain attempt to build Grecian temples with brickbats and rubbish!!!"

So much for *Mister Cobbett*, Hare Townshend, &c. &c.

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*Documents in Justification of the Seizure and Disposal of the Throne of Spain by Napoleon Bonaparte. Translated from the Supplement of the Moniteur of 5th Feb. pp. 119. Ridgway. 1810.*

AMONG all the consequences of that mighty revolution, which, within a period of twenty years, has shaken to their foundations the ancient thrones of Europe, and swept away all those boundaries and land-marks of power, which it had been the work of centuries to raise and preserve, no event has occurred so interesting in itself, so striking in its immediate effects, or from which such important results may reasonably be anticipated, as the war now waged by Spain and Portugal for their national independence.

The power of France seemed to be growing with a luxuriance that nothing could check: it overspread the fairest part of the continent of Europe, and all that was not immediately subject to it was chilled by its extended shadow. With unequalled ambition and unequalled means of gratifying it, the thirst of the French ruler for dominion appeared to increase by

possession. Universal empire was the object to which his views were directed, and he was proceeding towards it with the strides of a giant.—Where his path appeared most plain and smooth, where he could least have expected any impediment to his course, there has his progress been arrested.

Spain enervated by indolence, the consequence of the vast influx of wealth obtained without exertion, had long declined from her antient grandeur: her political importance in Europe fell, as her empire in the Western world encreased. Under a government arbitrary without vigour, reduced by the foulest corruption to impotence, and become as much an object of torment at home, as of contempt abroad, the native energies of Spain were paralyzed, and she became the ready prey of him, who could see her weakness and had no scruples to take advantage of it. Spain, had, in fact, been for a length of time, only the vassal of Bonaparte; he drained her of her treasures, sent forth her fleets and armies wherever he willed, to fight battles not their own, and used her in every way as the humble tool of his tyranny and ambition. But his influence over Spain depending entirely on the corruption and weakness of the government, by the same blow with which he destroyed that, he put an end to his own authority. He had enslaved the government, and the people who still paid obedience to that government were enslaved together with it: the engine of his oppression being removed, they were free to act for themselves and the opportunity was not lost. The people of Spain have risen from their prostrate submission with an energy and force, which, if properly directed, will defend their liberties and independence from violation, and at length repel the invader, baffled and disgraced, however great may be the powers he will call into action, and

however long and obstinately he may continue the struggle.

An attempt to justify such an usurpation is in itself curious; but when it is considered by whom the attempt is made, and how seldom he has thought it necessary to account to public justice for the deeds which his power has enabled him to execute, the document becomes indeed interesting, and as few will be able to find in it the justification which it pretends, it will be a proof upon record of his infamy, when his aggression is so unprincipled that neither the art nor boldness of the aggressor could offer for it excuse or palliation.

These documents commence with a letter sent to Bonaparte by Ferdinand VII, then Prince of Asturias, and kept in complete dependence, secretly soliciting his protection and alliance in marriage. As no sort of communication had preceded this step, Bonaparte who professes that he scarcely knew there was such a person in existence as this Prince of Asturias, affects to have perceived in this measure an intention of making use of his name to give to the affairs of Spain a direction contrary to his interests: and when he immediately afterwards was informed in a letter from king Charles of the first attempt of the prince to dethrone him, in consequence of which he had put him under arrest, Napoleon no longer doubted the existence of dangerous intrigues, and distinguishes the schemes of England, notwithstanding the obscurity in which it was wished to involve them. He immediately resolved to cause troops to march, in order to be prepared for every event, and to sustain the army he had in Portugal: forty thousand men were ordered to Spain; "and this precaution," says he, "was useful; as, in three months after, the events of Aranjuez took place, and the emperor received the letters and documents to be found in Part II."



These two letters, which form the first part of the Documents, and this comment upon them, are the only reasons he has thought necessary to assign as justifying his sending a large military force into the territory of a friendly power. The truth is, he had been secretly undermining the throne of Spain, that he might extend his empire over its ruins; to support this usurpation he knew the presence of an armed force would be necessary, and he was eager to seize on the first pretext that offered, however slight, for introducing it.

His next object is to shew that neither Charles nor Ferdinand were fit to sit on the throne; and we are ready to confess that we never contemplated royalty before in so degraded a point of view. The second part contains a series of letters relating to the revolution at Aranjuez, and to the events which occurred up to the time, when the two kings appeared before Bonaparte at Bayonne. The greatest part of these, however, consist of letters from the Queen of Spain to Murat, then ambassador at Madrid, on behalf of her paramour the Prince of the Peace, at that time confined in prison by the adherents of Ferdinand. It is impossible to imagine any thing more abject or more abandoned than these letters, in which from the very beginning this woman offers to resign every thing to Bonaparte, in consideration of the lives of herself, her husband, and the Prince of the Peace being preserved, and upon condition that an asylum should be given them out of Spain, where the worthy trio might pass their days in safety together.

The reports which have for so many years prevailed respecting this abandoned woman and the Prince of the Peace, are confirmed beyond all doubt by these letters; which while they present a strange mass of confused words and ideas, without the least connection of sense or

grammar, are marked in almost every line with proofs that the safety and society of the Prince of the Peace are with her superior to all other considerations. We will give a specimen of these letters: we take the two first.

## No. VI.\*

Note in the hand of Queen Louisa, delivered to the Grand Duke of Berg by Queen Maria Louisa.

The King and myself will unwillingly be troublesome to the Grand Duke of Berg, who has so much to do, but at the same time, we have no other support but him, and the emperor, in whom we hope, all four—the king our inmost friend, and also the friend of the Grand Duke, *the poor Prince of the Peace*, my daughter Louisa, and myself. She wrote to us yesterday evening that the Grand Duke said to her what penetrated and filled us with gratitude and consolation, hoping all from those two sacred and incomparable persons, the Grand Duke and the Emperor; but we do not wish to allow him to be ignorant of any part of what is come to our knowledge, though nobody tells us any thing, nor even answers to our questions respecting things that are most necessary to us; but nothing of all this interests us, *nothing but the safe condition of our only and innocent friend, the Prince of the Peace*, the friend of the grand duke, when he exclaimed even in his prison, on the horrid treatment they were giving him, he called always upon his friend the grand duke, even before this conspiracy had come on; if I had the good fortune to have him here, if the grand duke was near, we should have nothing to fear. He wished for his arrival, making it a satisfaction to himself, if he should deign to accept of his house to lodge in it, he had presents to make to him; finally, he thought only of that moment, and afterwards of going to wait upon the emperor, and upon

\* This letter, and all those of her majesty Queen Louisa, are written in the most barbarous style, which the *Moniteur* takes care to give with all its original defaults. Translator.

the Grand Duke with all the ardour imaginable. We are in constant fear of their killing or poisoning him, if they have any idea that we are going to save him ; could not some measures be taken before they come to any resolution ? Let the Grand Duke cause troops to go without telling why, and without giving a moment of time to fire a pistol at him, nor to do any thing else, separate the guard that is upon him, which has no other glory in view, no other desire but to kill him, not wishing that he should live, and let that of the Grand Duke be there, and to command absolutely by his orders ; for as long as he shall be in the hands of those unworthy traitors, and under the orders of my son, that the Grand Duke may be sure that he will be killed, we dare to ask as a favour that he will grant him to us, because, being out of these bloody hands, yes these body guards, my son, these wicked sides, we must always tremble for his life, though the Grand Duke and the Emperor should wish to save him, they will not give them the time : we beg it as a favour of the Grand Duke to take measures to do what we ask of him ; for if time be lost, his life is not sure ; let him be persuaded that he would be more safe in the hands of ravenous lions and tygers. My son was yesterday after dinner shut up with the Infantado, Escocitz, that wicked priest, and Saint Charles, the most crafty of all, that makes us tremble ; they remained there from half past one to half past three. The gentleman who goes with my son Charles is a cousin of Saint Charles, he has some talent and some information, but he is a wicked American, a great enemy to us, the same as Saint Charles, who have received all that they have from the King my husband, and at the instances of the poor Prince of the Peace, of whom they called themselves relations. All those that go with my son Charles are of the same intrigue, and very fit to do all possible mischief, and to make the most frightful falsehood appear in the colours of truth. I pray the Grand Duke to pardon my scrawling, and if I do not write well, for I sometimes forget certain words and phrases in French, always speaking Spanish for forty-two



years past, having come here to be married at the age of thirteen years and an half ; and although I speak French, it is not in the current style ; but the Grand Duke will understand well and know how to correct the faults of my language.

## No. VII.

Note written in the hand of the Queen of Spain, and delivered to the Grand Duke of Berg by Queen Maria Louisa.

THE King my husband, who makes me write not being able to do it himself, on account of the pain and swelling he has in his right hand, desires to know if the Grand Duke of Berg would be so kind as to take upon him and to make all his efforts with the Emperor to secure the life of the Prince of the Peace ; that he should be assisted by some domestics or some chaplains ; if the Grand Duke could go and see him, or at least console him, having all his hopes in him being his great friend. He hopes every thing from him, from the Emperor, to whom he has been always very much attached. Let the Grand Duke obtain from the Emperor that they shall give to the king my husband, to myself and the Prince of Peace, an allowance upon which to live all three together in a situation good for our health, without command or intrigue : these certainly we should not have. The Emperor is generous ; he is a hero, he has always supported his faithful allies, and those who have been persecuted.—Nobody is so more than we three ; and why ? because we have always been his faithful allies. From my son we can never have any hope but that of wretchedness and persecution. They have begun to forge, and they continue to do every thing that can render most criminal, in the eyes of the public and of the Emperor, that innocent friend so devoted to the French, to the Grand Duke and the Emperor, the poor Prince of the Peace. Let him not believe any thing ; they have force and all other means to make that which is false appear true.

The King desires, as well as I do, to see and to speak to the Grand Duke, that he may give to him personally all the protestation that he has in his power. We are very sensible of these troops that he has sent us, and of all the marks he has given us of his friendship. Let him be well persuaded of that friendship which we have always had and always have for him, that we are in his hands and in those of the Emperor, and that we are fully persuaded that he will grant us what we ask of him, which are all our desires, being in the hands of so great and so generous a monarch and hero.

Again, in another letter she says :

“ We desire much that the Grand Duke should send somebody who could inform the Emperor of every thing to the bottom, to prevent him from being prepossessed by the falsehood they plot here night and day against us, and the poor Prince of the Peace, that we prefer his fate to our own ; but these two pistols charged to kill him make us tremble, as it is an order surely given by my son, that which makes known his heart. For, I believe they never will make such an attempt, though it be the greatest villain, and believe me he is not\* ; in fine, the Grand Duke and the Emperor are alone those that can save him ; and for us, Sir, if he be not saved and given to us, the King my husband and I will die ; we believe, if he pardons him his life, they will shut him up in a cruel prison, where he will have a civil death ; and therefore by grace let the Grand Duke and the Emperor save him entirely, and let him finish his days with ours where they will.

Fifteen or sixteen letters, in this strain of idiot raving and abject servility did this Queen send, chiefly by her

\* The expression is here so much confused that it is almost impossible to give any idea of it in English. The queen's meaning was, probably, that no such attempt would have been made on any other person, however great a villain, which she maintained the Prince of Peace was not.--*Translator.*

Queen's daughter, in behalf of her paramour, to the ferocious Septembrizer, Murat, and frequently expressed her fears that she did not treat him with sufficient respect; before he condescended to return her the most trifling answer; when he at last notices her request, she is unable to restrain her transports.

"Sir, my Brother;" says she in her next letter; "Gratitude in us, shall be eternal for your imperial and royal highness, returning you a million of thanks for the assurance you have given us that our friend and yours, the poor Prince of the Peace shall be free in three days; the joy (which the king and I have, and will conceal to preserve a secret inviolable, and so necessary) that your imperial and royal highness causes to us, by a piece of news so much desired, reanimates us; and we have never doubted of the friendship of your imperial and royal highness."

But the most ridiculous part of the story is, that king Charles appears to solicit with as much earnestness as his wife for the safety of her paramour, and a snug retirement, where they might live all comfortably together. But it is very palpable that he is entirely governed by his queen, who seems to be lost to all sense of shame, and to be as abandoned to the duties of a mother, as she is to those of a wife or princess. Napoleon's opinion of the matter is very plain: he tells king Ferdinand without ceremony, that he has no right to the crown of Spain, but what is transmitted to him by his *mother*." It must be remembered, however, that it is his interest to make this illegitimacy believed; and we could have wished that the conduct of the queen of Spain had not furnished such strong evidence in support of this belief. But it must be remembered also that the vices or weakness of those who had sat on the throne of Spain, can be no foundation for the



claims of Bonaparte: nor can a king who abdicates his crown transfer to another the rights and liberties of his people.

*Tales of Real Life.* Forming a sequel to MISS EDGEWORTH'S *Tales of Fashionable Life*. In Three Volumes. Colburn. 1810.

“*Mutato nomine, de te, fabula narratur!*”

IF there is any truth in the ancient adage, that “when *your name* is up you may lie a-bed,” it has never been so *literally* applicable to any person as to that *amiable* and *industrious* novelist MISS EDGEWORTH; as this is not the *first* attempt to give celebrity and circulation to the trash of the day, by an unfair assumption of her name. In fact, from the anxiety of our modern compilers to stand forward as that lady's *proxy*, she will have shortly more works printed under her signature, than it would be possible for her to execute in a life whose term should be double the length of that to which we hope she may arrive.

Of the various species of imposition which *adorn* this age of quackery, there is none more reprehensible than that *literary roguery* vulgarly called book-making; it is a hydra which threatens to browse on the first blossoms of contemporary genius, and thereby to prevent all hopes of the expansion of the flower, or of gathering the maturer fruit; it imposes alike on the understanding and on the purse; it enables the drudges of booksellers “to drink wine out of other men's skulls;” and from the servility and ignorance of the copyists, it preserves and propagates ancient errors, whilst it often robs modest talent of the honours and profits of its labours.

Well might Cowper exclaim :

“ Books are not seldom talismans and spells ——

—— Some to the fascination of a *name*

Surrender judgment hood-wink'd” ——

And to this disgraceful attempt to benefit from the fascination of a *name*, is the present work solely indebted for our notice.

Though this is perhaps the most flagrant prostitution of decency, and even of *common honesty*, which has hitherto appeared in the literary hemisphere, yet there are other instances of similar slight-of-hand : there are other instances of manœuvres so palpably intended to deceive, that we should consider ourselves neglectful of our duty, as public censors, did we suffer them to escape castigation from the lash. That manufactory of twice-told scandal in Wigmore street, that temple dedicated to the *Cloacina* of literature, where CHARLES SEDLEY, Esq. was the officiating high priest, made the first barefaced attack upon modern credulity of any of the impostors of the day ; where the Messrs. Hughes found that the public were gorged even to repletion, by the infamous ribaldry of “ Delicate Vindications,” “ Infidel Mothers,” &c. &c. from the prostituted pen of the *soiidsant* CHARLES SEDLEY, they made a bold attempt to

“ Give to airy *nothing* a local habitation and a *name*.”

by the publication of “ The Forest of St. Bernardo, by *Miss M. Hamilton*,” evidently in the hope that the circulating libraries and boarding school misses would consider it as coming from the pen of MISS HAMILTON, the elegant Authoress of “ *Memoirs of Modern Philosophers*.” —their next was “ *Adelaide, or the Chateau of St. Pierre*, by MRS. EDGEWORTH ;” —this was followed by “ *Seraphina*, by MISS BURNEY,” —the whole of which were scarce-

ly entitled to a place on a book-stall. *Wigmore-street* was not however the only manufactory of this literary hodge-podge—as we find another, on a more extensive scale in *Bridge-street, Blackfriars*. This is not, however, the only thing worthy of animadversion among the works issuing from this Parnassus watered by the muddy stream of Fleet-ditch, instead of the pure rill of Helicon. The readers of the “*Monthly Magazine*” have doubtless noticed a name amongst the contributors to that work which at full length is *George Cumberland, Esq.* whilst in the contents, the various papers are stated to be by MR. CUMBERLAND! Will any one pretend to say that this is not a barefaced attempt, in violation of truth and decency, to profit by deception, and to make use of the venerable and respected name of him whose pen has been always guided by elegance, and tutored by virtue!!! As for the work now before us, it has as many different names, as many *aliases*, as any arch impostor that ever graced the bar of the Old Bailey; we shall therefore first glance at its literary *history*. Its first announcement was under the Title of “*Tales of real Life, forming a sequel to the Tales of Fashionable Life. BY MISS EDGEWORTH*”—a falsehood so palpable, so glaringly impudent, could not fail to attract attention, accordingly we find that shortly after, the *late* Mr. Johnson, Miss Edgeworth’s bookseller, inserted a counter-advertisement exposing its infamy; a proceeding, however, which seems to have had very little effect on the publisher, as we have since seen the *two* advertisements in adjoining columns of the *Morning Chronicle*. The work was advertised for early publication in the last week of December, it was cunningly contrived however, that it should not issue *from* the press, until the Reviews and Magazines of the month, *were gone thence*, so that Mr. Colburn doubtless expected that he would have



one month's unmolested range among the holiday folks, before he could be driven with shame from the field. When we hear of an *impostor*, we naturally expect that he must possess some likeness to the person he pretends to represent, and that he may be enabled by the elegance of his manners, or his skill in simulation, to lull suspicion to rest, and to answer all the queries of lynx-eyed investigation. Under this impression, we did suppose that there might be some attempt at originality, in order to disarm the host of criticism, but our disappointment "may be more easily understood than expressed," on finding that the whole was nothing more than a collection of tales, all of which have been already published in various selections of French and English literature. It is unnecessary to trace them *all* up to the fountain from whence they flow, we need only refer in general to "Bibliothèque de Campagne."—"Les Cents Nouvelles."—"Les Causes Célèbres," &c. &c.; we however shall more particularly point out, that the first tale of the second volume, "Love and Vengeance" is nothing more than a translation of "Procès de Mad. de Gange;" in the fifth volume of "Causes Célèbres,"—that the stories of "Apparitions," are taken from the same source, whilst the story of "Bianca Capello," and several others, are to be found in every trumped-up publication of the present day. So much for the *originality* and *novelty* of the work; as for its moral tendency, or the elegance of its selection, it certainly has no claims to either one or the other. Is it for the edification of the younger classes that they should be "up to every thing," and that their curiosity should be excited by being informed that "every female requires of her *lover*, and frequently *even of her husband*, that she should be the first and only woman for whom he ever

conceived a passion, and above all that she should be the first, and the only one *in whose arms he has tasted the intoxicating cup of pleasure?*"—Are our females to be initiated in that *French Morality*, which draws distinctions between the *husband*, and the *lover*?—In p. 37 also of the first volume, there is something about "delicious dreams," which will doubtless have its effect, when these *precious volumes* find their way into the dormitories of our female seminaries.—It is in fact to such infamous publications, whose pages are formed merely for the excitement of prurient ideas, that we are indebted for so many cases similar to that of the unfortunate Mademoiselle Paris, whose fate ought to make parents more careful respecting the various species of reading allowed to the hapless girls sent from the protection of the paternal or maternal eye, to those hot-houses of lubricity—modern boarding schools. Two of the tales in volume second, are of the most disgusting kind, and must shock the most depraved libertine; and as for the "Harper," in the same volume, it is such a farrago of the lowest dialogue, and of the most inflated *Ossianic* bombast, that we can only suppose it to be *original*, and to be the production of the wretched compiler. In the third volume, a delicate recluse is represented as saying of her lover, "that he had occasion for a passion which should afford him something more than imaginary enjoyment, and this he found because he sought it"—but to enumerate all the improper passages would be to give further publicity to their pernicious poison, we shall therefore close our critique on his book of *many names*, which in a *second* title-page is called "moral, sentimental, and historical!!!"

## THEATRES.

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*Cum tabulis animum censoris sumet honesti.*—Hor.

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WE protest against any imputation of dullness on our parts, if our dramatic comments are this month more than ordinarily barren of profit or amusement. We must take what the managers chuse to offer us, and, according to the old proverb, we cannot make a silk purse, &c. We have heard that the late lord L——le, to punish a clergyman that had given him some offence, sowed his whole parish with thistles, and bade him take his tythe of them. Whether the managers have proceeded on the same principle, out of pique to us, we will not undertake to say; but if they have not been influenced by motives of this kind, we are at a loss to account for the absolute worthlessness of their productions.

We said last month that if the new play which was then about to be produced at Covent-garden, outlived the night of its birth, we would give some account of it. Now though it dwindled out a sort of existence for three nights, it could scarce be said to be alive any part of the time; and we do not therefore feel ourselves called upon to perform our engagement. Indeed what interest can the public take in the dissection of such an unshapely and lumpish abortion, when the person to whom it owed its being has been ashamed to own it. We are willing to let the manufacturer and his production



which he called "HOW TO PLEASE and HOW TO TEASE," continue in their native oblivion. Whoever he may have been, he has given, in his work, a practical illustration of his powers of *teazing*; we advise him to study with a little more attention the art of *pleasing*, before he again ventures to expose himself to a British audience.

Some amends, however, have been made to us at this theatre for the disgust we experienced in witnessing this exhibition of folly and impotence. Several of the plays of our best writers have been performed, and MRS. SIDDONS, who, we feared we should not have seen again, has reassumed her station on the stage. We trust, therefore, that our ears will no longer be tortured by the abominable Manchester dialect of Mrs. Clarke, nor our eyes offended by the kangaroo arms and dislocations of Mrs. Weston. They are no substitutes for Mrs. Siddons; and seem rather to be brought forward to impress a belief that no adequate substitute can be found for her. But her genius and powers do not require to be set off by foils of this kind.

'There is a pleasure in madness none but mad men know,' it is said; and the truth of the observation is fully exemplified at the LYCEUM. The manager is so madly delighted with his MANIAC, that he has continued almost without intermission to exhibit his *mad* MOUNTAIN every night, to the great amusement of his *orderly* audience. This he has regularly accompanied with the farce of "*Hit or Miss*;" and thus for more than the twentieth time have these two brothers of the brush had the gratification of proving the variety of their talents, and convincing the town that they can write as well as they can paint. We would give this manager, as he is but young

in his trade, a little wholesome advice, if we did not know the obstinacy of conceit: but let him beware that he does not purchase experience too dearly.

If it were our practice to extend our observations beyond the regular theatres, we might notice Mr. Elliston's pompous manifestos from the other side of the water. He has made, it seems, great alterations in his theatre, and among the rest has altered its name: resolving, withal, that his entertainments shall be worthy the crowd of fashion which he must necessarily attract. Of this, indeed, from the specimens we have already witnessed, we entertain not the least doubt; but shall only remark, that in suppressing the performances of his horses, he has omitted the most amusing and most rational part of his entertainment.

## COMPARATIVE CRITICISM.

*Non nostrum TANTAS componere lites !—VIRGIL.*

*Who shall decide when Doctors disagree ?—POPE.*

1. A Sketch of the State of Ireland, past and present.

"It is not often that we meet with *so much good sense, deep reflection, useful information, and pertinent remark*, condensed into so small a compass, as in the present publication. The author has our best acknowledgments for the pleasure with which we have perused his *able and dispassionate performance*."—Critical Review.

"Although this tract on the state of Ireland is brief, considering the extent of the subject, it is to us one of the *most interesting* which we have ever perused.—Though we are not prepared to accede to all the opinions of this author, we deem his work deserving of *MUCH attention and praise*: of attention, for the local information it contains, and the just ideas it frequently expresses; of praise, for the *candour* of the writer's sentiments, the *impartiality* of his judgments, and the apparent purity of his motives."—British Critic.

"This work is written in so antithetical and fantastic a style, and truth and consistency are so frequently sacrificed to brilliancy of language, or an *affectation* of *candour* and *impartiality*, that it possesses *very LITTLE merit* as a whole."—Edinburgh Review.

2. A new Argument for the Existence of God.

"Whatever our opinion may be as to the success of this author's efforts, we cheerfully award him the merit of being ac-



tuated by the *best intentions*. He frequently manifests a degree of *acuteness* which would have reflected *credit* on his illustrious precursor" [Berkley].—Annual Review.

"We give the opinions of the *ingenious* author, but we do not state our own."—Critical Review.

"Is this author a *quizzing* philosopher, or an *atheist in disguise*?"—Monthly Review.

"The 'new argument' to prove the existence of Deity, is no other than the whimsical hypothesis of Berkeley. We should think it quite wasting time to tell a writer who ought to disbelieve our being, that we consider his defence of this fantastical system to be *wretchedly weak* and *ill-written*, its title to be *disingenuous*, and its author to be the *dupe* either of *insanity* or *self-conceit*."—Eclectic Review.

3. Corruption, and Intolerance; two Poems, with Notes: addressed to an Englishman, by an Irishman.

"The author's verses flow in a strain of *easy dignity* which in the present day, we have *seldom* seen surpassed. His *satire* is *poignant*, his *wit* *lively* and *free*, his *argument* *manly*, and his *reading* *various* and *extensive*."—Monthly Review.

"The *versification* is *good*, and often rises above the subject, In the notes there is a *considerable* display of *classical knowledge* of *general* and *extensive reading*, and some *very happy* turns of *wit* and *polished satire*, which must amuse even those against whom they are directed."—Beau Monde.

"Had we not observed the word 'Irishman,' we should have concluded that this *still-born effusion* had emanated from an unfortunate inmate of *St. Luke's*. This *silly pedantic tract*," &c.—Antijacobin Review.

4. The Eagle's Masque, by Tom Tit.

"This will prove a *delicious treat* to some of our young friends: in the perusal they may derive both *pleasure* and in-

struction from the very characteristic descriptions with which the poetical Mr. Tom Tit has here presented them, of most of the feathered creation."—Critical Review.

"A whimsical idea may be spun out till it loses its effect. The Peacock at Home, from its novelty and humour, was greatly admired : but the subject did not admit of amplification, and a repetition of fashionable bird-intercourse in the Eagle's Masque is rather tiresome than amusing ; though Tom Tit tries to be comical, and to display his knowledge of the feathered race."—Monthly Review.

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5. The Siller Gun, a Poem ; by John Mayne.

"—These meagre materials are so well concealed by Mr. Mayne in the general bustle of the scene, and so skilfully mingled with description, incident, and character, that we are transported in imagination to the spot, and cannot refrain from joining in all the riotous jollity of the day."—Monthly Review.

"The present writer has not made much of his materials."—Annual Review.

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6. Sermons on various Subjects ; by William Craig, D.D. : a new Edition, with a Life of the Author.

"—The sermons also on the characters of Judas Iscariot and Pontius Pilate are executed in a very masterly style.—We consider this publication as deserving of the most serious attention from every person who wishes to see a plain and rational account of some of the most important doctrines of our holy religion, illustrated by delineations of the most instructive scripture-characters, and enforced by the many pressing motives which that religion so amply supplies."—Antijacobin Review.

"The discourses are in general so valuable, exactly what in our opinion sermons addressed to a mixed audience ought to be, that we gladly embrace the opportunity of bringing them to the notice of our readers. From the BEAUTIFUL biographical

*sketch* prefixed to the first volume, Dr. Craig appears, &c."—British Critic.

"—A comparison of the sermons with the *INFLATED* biography which the editor has prefixed, gave rise to these reflections. —The sermon on *Judas Iscariot* is a *tame phlegmatic repetition* of *common place* thoughts. The next might be entitled an *apology* for *Pontius Pilate*. Dr. Craig's *spiritless* harangues can *interest neither* the *saint* nor the *sinner*, the *speculatist* nor the *devotee* ; and if they can answer any purpose imaginable, it is only to shew the minister how he *ought not to preach*, and the people what they *ought not to hear*."—Eclectic Review.

7. British Chronology, &c. &c. ; by the Reverend George Whittaker, A. M.

" In the substance of a work of this kind it is not easy to err; but to convey it in proper language and apposite terms, is no ordinary task. We cannot compliment Mr. Whittaker on his success in this respect ; whose *failure* affords an additional instance," &c.—Monthly Review.

" The object is explained in the title, and we have no fault to find with the execution."—Critical Review.

" Had the *list of eminent persons* been a little more copious, the view of each reign would have conveyed an accurate idea of the state of the kingdom."—Antijacobin Review.

"The *list of eminent persons* we should *unsparingly abridge*." —Annual Review.



TO THE READERS OF THE SATIRIST.

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IT was our intention to have dedicated the principal part of the present number to an exposition of one of the most atrocious conspiracies that ever disgraced this country, but we have been obliged, by a most melancholy event, to postpone this painful duty till next month.—Our accusations will be supported by original documents of a most convincing and extraordinary nature.—We forbear as yet to mention names, but pledge ourselves that none of the guilty shall be spared. We have, also, been prevented, by the same cause, from continuing our observations on Mr. Brougham's paper, on the State of Parties; and from commenting on the outrageous conduct of Sir Francis Burdett, and the silly arguments of his supporters.

Our new office, in the Strand, will be open previously to the publication of our next number,—till then, our correspondents will please to address their communications (post paid) to Mr. Flint, Printer, Green-Arbour court, Old Bailey.